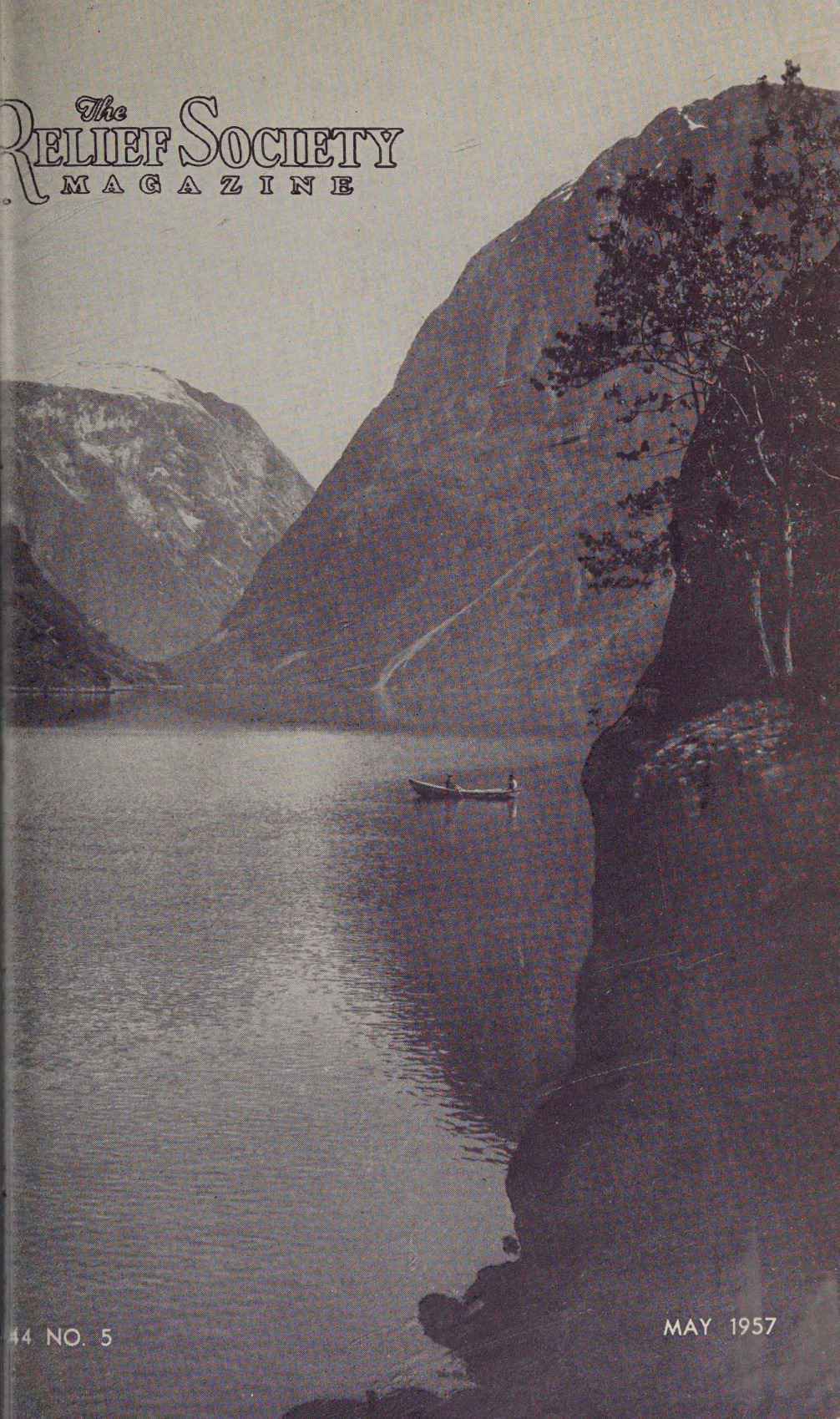


44 NO. 5

MAY 1957

Ballerina

Alice Morrey Bailey

Spring dances in this valley
On ballerina toes,
And leaves her magic footprints
In blossoms as she goes.
She curtsies by the willow
And buds break shining skins;
Petalled miracles erupt
Everywhere she spins.

Once she touched the apple buds
Which framed my new love's hair;
Still my dear love seems to me
Just as young and fair.

She traces with a fairy hand
A tall pear's silhouette.
The almond's cone at flowering
Describes her pirouette.
She twirls on pointed satin feet
Along the plum's dark ranks
And mirrored pink and purple
Perfume the blue lake's banks.

She dances in this valley
In vine and shrub and tree.
Oh, let her kiss the apple bough
And spring will come to me.

The Cover: The Majestic Naerofjord, Nord Trondelag, Norway
Photograph by Wilse
Submitted by Zina R. Engebretsen

Frontispiece: Almond Orchard in Antelope Valley, California
Photograph by Ward Linton

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

From Near and Far

The December issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* is a marvelous revelation from cover to cover, especially to us who are so far from home, away down here in the "Land of the Southern Cross" halfway around the world from the beautiful edifice featured in that issue. I have heard many favorable comments around our mission, not only from Relief Society members, but from the saints in general, and from missionaries. Thanks for such an inspirational masterpiece of art.

—Adelphia D. Bingham
President
South Australian Mission
Relief Society
Victoria, Australia

I cannot refrain from expressing my appreciation and special gratitude for the December *Magazine*. The front cover with the beautifully colored photograph of the building is magnificent, with the simple elegance of its classic design. . . . All of the *Magazine* is inspirational and deeply impressive as a symbol of the glory of Latter-day Saint womanhood and the effective work of our great Relief Society organization. The photograph of our beloved First Presidency of the Church standing in front of the plaque with the words "You will receive instructions through the order of the Priesthood . . ." was deeply impressive. . . . The Dedicatory Prayer given by our beloved Prophet and President, David O. McKay, is soul stirring and truly a masterpiece of language and thought. . . . The editorials by Marianne C. Sharp and Vesta P. Crawford are messages of heartfelt gratitude, encouraging love and sublime faith.

—Emma M. Gardner
Sacramento, California

I always enjoy Florence Dunford's stories in the *Magazine*, and have recently delighted in Deone Sutherland's serial "Heart's Bounty." It would be hard to excel the poetry of Christie Lund Coles.

—Harriet H. Eliason
Salt Lake City, Utah

I loved the March issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*, and have written a letter of congratulations to Vera H. Mayhew for her prize-winning story "The Slow Hurry." Miss Hulda Parker, the new General Secretary-Treasurer, is a dear friend of mine. We share the same hometown. Mrs. Afton W. Hunt, one of the new board members, is a long-time acquaintance. I knew her in Twin Falls, Idaho, when I was a child. I was pleased with their appointments.

—Frances C. Yost
Bancroft, Idaho

I would not have missed the December issue of the *Magazine* for anything. The *Magazine* is always inspiring, but I think I received the biggest lift of spirit from reading and rereading "Charity Never Faileth" by George H. Mortimer in the October 1956 issue of the *Magazine*.

—Mrs. Lee Ridenour
Rozet, Wyoming

I feel I must tell you that I enjoy the *Magazine* thoroughly from cover to cover. To me it has been the most important *Magazine* since I was a young girl in my mother's home. The Birthday Congratulations always interest me, and I am impressed with the number of women who have lived so many years, experiencing so much from "then to now."

—Leah Huntsman
Las Vegas, Nevada

I have been a subscriber to the *Magazine* since I married, thirty years ago. Of all the wonderful *Magazines*, the most beautiful was the issue showing the rooms of the new Relief Society Building. It makes me very happy to know that in a small way I helped to build it. Some day I hope to visit the building and meet the people who plan the Relief Society work.

—Muriel C. James
Monahans, Texas

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

RELIEF SOCIETY GENERAL BOARD

Belle S. Spafford - - - - - - - - - - - President
Marianne C. Sharp - - - - - - - - - First Counselor
Helen W. Anderson - - - - - - - - Second Counselor
Hulda Parker - - - - - - - - - Secretary-Treasurer

Anna B. Hart, Edith S. Elliott, Florence J. Madsen, Leone G. Layton, Blanche B. Stoddard, Evon W. Peterson, Louise W. Madsen, Aleine M. Young, Josie B. Bay, Christine H. Robinson, Alberta H. Christensen, Mildred B. Eyring, Gladys S. Boyer, Charlotte A. Larsen, Edith P. Backman, Winniefred S. Manwaring, Elna P. Haymond, Annie M. Ellsworth, Mary R. Young, Mary V. Cameron, Afton W. Hunt, Weltha S. Mendenhall

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor - - - - - - - - - - - - Marianne C. Sharp
Associate Editor - - - - - - - - - - Vesta P. Crawford
Assistant to the Editor - - - - - - - - - - June Nielsen
General Manager - - - - - - - - - - - - Belle S. Spafford

Vol. 44 MAY 1957 No. 5

Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

A Mother's Joy in Her Family ..... Vivian R. McConkie 284
The Norwegian Mission ..... Preston R. Nibley 287
Contest Announcements—1957 289
Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest 289
Relief Society Short Story Contest 290
The Gift and the Giving—of Poetry ..... Lael W. Hill 291
How to Write a Short Story ..... Mary Ek Knowles 294
A Year's Supply ..... Mabel L. Anderson 309
Modesty Is the Best Policy 310
The Old-Fashioned Clock ..... Vernessa M. Nagle 317
Bright Barrier of the Plains ..... Nell Murbarger 318
The Old Tin Trunk ..... Grace W. Ball 321
"Be Still and Know That I Am God" ..... Mabel Law Atkinson 341

FICTION

"This Is My Baby" ..... Christie Lund Coles 298
The Third House Down ..... Florence B. Dunford 314
The Bright Star—Serial—Chapter Three ..... Dorothy S. Romney 323

GENERAL FEATURES

From Near and Far 282
Sixty Years Ago 304
Woman's Sphere ..... Ramona W. Cannon 305
Editorial: Pen in Hand ..... Vesta P. Crawford 306
Notes to the Field: Brigham Young University Leadership Week 308
Magazine Subscriptions for 1956 ..... Marianne C. Sharp 328
Magazine Honor Roll for 1956 333
Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities ..... Hulda Parker 337
Birthday Congratulations 344

FEATURES FOR THE HOME

Recipes From the Norwegian Mission ..... Zina R. Engebretsen 312
Mary C. Hendry, Artist in Handicraft 327
Herbs for Modern Cookery—Garlic ..... Elizabeth Williamson 342

POETRY

Ballerina—Frontispiece ..... Alice Morrey Bailey 281
Spring Sabbath ..... Dorothy J. Roberts 302
Dawn ..... Sylvia Probst Young 303
Signal by Sun ..... Maryhale Woolsey 307
Hold Every Moment ..... Elise Bailey Collins 309
The Cereus Blooms ..... Ethel Jacobson 311
Petition ..... Grace Barker Wilson 313
Singing Moments ..... Mabel Jones Gabbott 317
In Compensation ..... Eleanor W. Schow 326
May's Promise ..... Catherine E. Berry 326
Triumph ..... Eva Willes Wangsgaard 327
These Things I Need ..... Jennie Brown Rawlins 341
Loneliness ..... Vesta N. Lukei 343
I Love a Window ..... Caroline Eyring Miner 343
The Token ..... Enola Chamberlin 344

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Editorial and Business Offices: 76 North Main, Salt Lake City 11, Utah: Phone EMpire 4-2511; Subscriptions 246; Editorial Dept. 245. Subscription Price: $1.50 a year; foreign, $2.00 a year; payable in advance. The **Magazine** is not sent after subscription expires. No back numbers can be supplied. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving old and new address.

Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Manuscripts will not be returned unless return postage is enclosed. Rejected manuscripts will be retained for six months only. **The Magazine** is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts.

A Mother's Joy in Her Family

Vivian R. McConkie
Former Member, General Board of Relief Society

JOY is our compensation for successfully terminating righteousness, because of our obedience to the laws upon which blessings are predicated. A mother's joy is very great when she understands the laws of the Lord and sees her children faithful to them. To Latter-day Saint parents who have covenanted through baptism, the sacrament, the Priesthood, and other ordinances, "Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord."

"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it," holds great promise. But, right or wrong, children will go some way. They will reach conclusions, good or bad. No one can stop the mind from thinking, nor a child from habit forming. A mother has greatest joy in her child if she patterns her life after gospel standards; then, having filled her child with good things, she sees him walking according to the highest truths he has received. Mothers should, of course, be acquainted with the laws and ordinances of the gospel..

Neither a mother nor her child will ever act better than their understanding. Mothers acquire ability to enjoy by understanding the purpose of life, as revealed through the restored gospel. Salvation is based on this principle. Therefore, mothers who lead their children to faith and good works, have increasing joy in them, nor do they unwittingly lead them in the wrong direction. Hence, mothers' anxieties and joys vary. Behavior which is grave to one may be trivial to another. Obedient mothers are more hopeful for their children to love the Lord than disobedient mothers are capable of being, hence, they have greater joy when their children are found on the Lord's side.

Now that our children have their own families, I look in retrospect upon the work of my hands. My family being my greatest responsibility, and, next to God, my greatest treasure, I look to it to see whether my life's labors are good or bad. My joy will overflow if they are all secure in the Church, with sound gospel understanding, having a lively hope and determination for faithfulness unto the end. Ofttimes parents presume to suspend or annul the law by permitting their children to go to picture shows on Sunday or otherwise to violate the law. This evidences parental misunderstanding.

In our home, we never accepted the intent of the oft-repeated folly of "rather seeing a sermon than hearing one." Precept and example walk hand in hand in well regulated families. What student ever earned a passing grade by observing a good life? Who ever obtained a knowledge of God's salvation by seeing majesty in the universe? What truthful witness ever spoke who did not call for precept and example? Hasten to plant both in the child—seed that God will be pleased to nurture. The Lord gives parents a free hand, with Satan bound, until the age of the child's accountability.

herein is the mother's greatest opportunity.

Sabbath day observance has been steadying factor in our home. limpse the joy of learning that your n, three thousand miles away, id to a distinguished Sunday dinr guest, not a Latter-day Saint: We will now go into the living om and discuss the gospel. That a tradition in our family. It is ne way my father did"; that a son fused to play a matched ball game ith an out-of-state team, because was scheduled for Sunday; that son in the service said everywhere e went he gathered Church memers together to worship on the abbath day, and, "If I am sent here there are no Church memers, I know the true God, and on ne Sabbath day I will worship him lone."

Evils spring up whenever parents ake liberties with the law. Of ourse, none has a legal right to mend or repeal the word of the ord. Since none is as wise as he Lawgiver, all should adjust to his ill. Rebellions are a bad example o children. Be sincere in truthully observing the law, remembering that sincerity alone is not nough. One may be ever so sinere while traveling in the wrong irection.

Forthright honesty, with no louble standards nor special priviges, is of major importance in he home. Every dishonesty is corupting—political and otherwise. Teach your children to live by the ules and interlace respect and obedience in them. Children bred on political trickery will, in their own way and time, apply their breedng to whatever they have to do. Parents who disobey certain laws will probably find their children taking similar liberties. The parent may offend by using tea, coffee, or tobacco, but the child, taught in disobedience, may choose to offend the moral code.

ONLY the gospel points the true way. It cannot be found elsewhere. If mothers do not know its requirements, they may pyramid sorrow upon themselves. The Lord holds them accountable to obey his requirements, *all* of them. If they do it, their lives will be easier at the end rather than harder, which is the righteous plan, according to the divine purpose. Eternal progress is to expand eternally which is the joyful course. Plant in children an awareness that the day in which they live is the day of their salvation. Do not procrastinate until the child is out of reach, and do not expect good results from bad teaching and example. Employ the highest excellence. Your child will likely pattern after you. The union of school, society, and Church cannot guarantee good results if the home is bad. Fail in the home, and you bereave yourself.

The influence of the home cannot be overestimated. The Lord established it, and civil authority patterns after the divine plan, as to responsibility of parents. Teach children respect for law and constituted authorities. If wicked men rule, and bad laws are enacted, teach with increasing care, lest the children become enemies to all law and all rulers. Chart the child's mind before the time of accountability. Seek the Spirit of the Lord, and finding it, keep it in the home.

Studying the scriptures is of great importance. Parents who do not do it have no unity of understanding of what God expects of them and their children. They cannot give what they do not have, nor teach what they do not know. Why, oh, mothers of Israel, are there so many non-temple marriages, when it is so easy for a mother with an understanding of the gospel to strengthen the child's desire for the blessed privilege of a faithful companion and the blessings of the Priesthood? Why do so many violate the Word of Wisdom; the law of the Sabbath, and why does sexual immorality stain some? Is it because parents betray God's trust and fail their children?

Several little girls, all members of the Church, were planning a children's party. One, out of the experience of her home, suggested cards. Another, reflecting the atmosphere of better training, said cards were "against the Church." The first asked: "What church do you belong to?" It is not so much that children fail their parents as that parents fail their children. There is joy where the parental mind set, from before the child is born, is dedicated to hope, through righteous endeavor unto the end of the mortal life.

A mother has cause for joy when her son, upon becoming twelve years of age, tells the girl at the theatre ticket office that he now requires an adult ticket; when her little girl, leading in family prayer, asks God to bless the home and keep the devil out; when her small son is instantly healed by his own prayer of faith; when her boy, barely old enough to enlist in the Navy, directs the government to send one tenth of his monthly pay to his bishop, tithing for the Lord; when her son, shot out of the sky, parachutes to safety, and on his knees thanks God on the spot for his protection; when the Spirit whispered to her son in the midst of an air battle, to stoop down quickly, and he as quickly obeyed, just in time to miss a shell that passed through the plane's wall exactly where he was standing; when her husband fled the house in greatest haste, not knowing why, yet once out of doors and running through the orchard, discovered a horse running among the trees, his first-born child with his foot through the stirrup, he having been brushed off by a limb. Quick obedience by the father, exactly as directed, saved the life of the boy. Think of a mother's joy, mingled with sorrow, when she learned of her son's reliance upon the prayer of faith at Bastone, and that a remnant of his company was preserved from death, whilst almost all about them were slain. Visualize the joy of a mother who sees her family married in the house of the Lord to companions equal to them, united in teaching their families that there is but one source of happiness —the favor of God.

A mother's joy overflows within her when her heart and mind, and the heart and mind of her husband, and the hearts and minds of her children and children's children follow after the Lord in righteousness. These are joys that mothers in the Church may have the happiness to hope for, if only they will follow after the Lord.

Photo by Wilse, Oslo, Norway
Submitted by Zina R. Engebretsen
JOLSTER, AN UNFORGETTABLE GLIMPSE OF NORWEGIAN COUNTRYSIDE

The Norwegian Mission

Preston R. Nibley

THE restored gospel was introduced into the Scandinavian countries in June 1850, by Erastus Snow, a member of the Council of the Twelve, and three elders who accompanied him from Salt Lake City. One of the first converts made by these missionaries was Hans F. Petersen of Aalborg, Denmark.

In September 1851, Elder Petersen was requested by Erastus Snow to journey to Norway and begin missionary work in that country. He took passage on a sailing vessel, bound from Aalborg to Osterrisor, Norway. As he had neglected to obtain a passport, he was forced to return home a few days later. His conversations on the boat, both going and returning, led to the conversion of the ship's captain, Svend Larsen, and this faithful man was baptized on September 23, 1851, "being the first fruit of the gospel in Norway."

Elder Petersen made the second journey to Norway in October 1851, and on November 26th, following, baptized two converts at Osterrisor. Other baptisms followed, and on July 16, 1852, the first branch of the Church in Norway was organized at Osterrisor, with eighteen members.

Photo by Burton Holmes
Ewing Galloway

A FARMSTEAD IN UPPER ROMSDAL, NORWAY

More elders were sent to assist Elder Petersen and a second branch was organized in Frederikstad. The work has continued since that time.

The first missionaries to Norway met with considerable persecution, and many were imprisoned, as freedom of religion was not allowed. Norway remained a part of the Scandinavian Mission until 1905, when the Danish-Norwegian Mission was formed. Then, in 1920, the Norwegian Mission was created, with Andrew S. Schow as the first president.

Andrew Jenson, Assistant Church Historian, estimated in 1930, that, from 1851 to the end of 1930, converts baptized in Norway numbered 8,555. Of this number he computed, approximately 3,500 had emigrated to Utah.

At the close of the year 1956, there were 1,623 members of the Church in Norway, located in fourteen branches. Ray Engebretsen of Seattle, Washington, is serving as the mission president. In December 1956, twelve Relief Society organizations were reported with 340 members. Zina R. Engebretsen presides over the Norwegian Mission Relief Society.

Note: The cover of this *Magazine*, "The Majestic Naerofjord, Nord Trondelag, Norway," represents typical Norwegian scenery. See also "Recipes From the Norwegian Mission," page 312.

Contest Announcements—1957

CONTESTS CLOSE AUGUST 15, 1957

THE Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest and the Relief Society Short Story Contest are conducted annually by the general board of Relief Society to stimulate creative writing among Latter-day Saint women and to encourage high standards of work. Latter-day Saint women who qualify under the rules of the respective contests are invited to enter their work in either or both contests.

The general board would be pleased to receive entries from the outlying stakes and missions of the Church as well as from those in and near Utah. Since the two contests are entirely separate, requiring different writing skills, the winning of an award in one of them in no way precludes winning in the other. It is suggested that authors who plan to enter the contests study carefully the articles on story writing and poetry which appear in this *Magazine* and similar articles in the May issues, 1955 and 1956, and in the June issues for the preceding nine years.

Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest

THE Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest opens with this announcement and closes August 15, 1957. Prizes will be awarded as follows:

First prize	$25
Second prize	$20
Third prize	$15

Prize poems will be published in the January 1958 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* (the birthmonth of Eliza R. Snow).

Prize-winning poems become the property of the Relief Society general board and may not be published by others except upon written permission from the general board. The general board reserves the right to publish any of the other poems submitted, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rates.

Rules for the contest:

1. This contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women, exclusive of members of the Relief Society general board and employees of the Relief Society general board.

2. Only one poem may be submitted by each contestant.

3. The poem must not exceed fifty lines and should be typewritten, if possible; where this cannot be done, it should be legibly written. Only one side of the paper is to be used. (A duplicate copy of the poem should be retained by contestants to insure against loss.)

4. The sheet on which the poem is written is to be without signature or other identifying marks.

5. No explanatory material or picture is to accompany the poem.

6. Each poem is to be accompanied by a stamped envelope on which is written the contestant's name and address. Nom de plumes are not to be used.

7. *A signed statement is to accompany the poem submitted, certifying:*

a. That the author is a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
b. That the poem (state title) is the contestant's original work.
c. That it has never been published.
d. That it is not in the hands of an editor or other person with a view to publication.
e. That it will not be published nor submitted elsewhere for publication until the contest is decided.

8. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

9. The judges shall consist of one member of the general board, one person from the English department of an educational institution, and one person who is a recognized writer. In case of complete disagreement among judges, all poems selected for a place by the various judges will be submitted to a specially selected committee for final decision.

In evaluating the poems, consideration will be given to the following points:

a. Message or theme
b. Form and pattern
c. Rhythm and meter
d. Accomplishment of the purpose of the poem
e. Climax

10. *Entries must be postmarked not later than August 15, 1957.*

11. All entries are to be addressed to Relief Society Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest, 76 North Main, Salt Lake City 11, Utah.

Relief Society Short Story Contest

THE Relief Society Short Story Contest for 1957 opens with this announcement and closes August 15, 1957.

The prizes this year will be as follows:

First prize $50
Second prize $40
Third prize $30

The three prize-winning stories will be published consecutively in the first three issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* for 1958. Prize-winning stories become the property of the Relief Society general board and may not be published by others except upon written permission from the general board. The general board reserves the right to publish any of the other stories entered in the contest, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rates.

Rules for the contest:

1. This contest is open to Latter-day Saint women—exclusive of members of the Relief Society general board and employees of the general board—who have had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication.

2. Only one story may be submitted by each contestant.

3. The story must not exceed 3,000 words in length and must be typewritten. The number of the words must appear on the first page of the manuscript. (All words should be counted including one and two letter words.) A duplicate copy of the story should be retained by contestants to insure against loss.

4. The contestant's name is not to appear anywhere on the manuscript, but a stamped envelope on which is written the contestant's name and address is to be enclosed with the story. Nom de plumes are not to be used.

5. *A signed statement is to accompany the story submitted certifying:*

a. That the author is a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
b. That the author has had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication. (This statement must give name and date of publication in which the contestant's work has appeared, or, if not yet published, evidence of acceptance for publication.)
c. That the story submitted (state the title and number of words) is the contestant's original work.
d. That it has never been published, that it is not in the hands of an editor or other person with a view to publication, and that it will not be published nor submitted else-

where for publication until the contest is decided.

6. No explanatory material or picture is accompany the story.

7. A writer who has received the first ize for two consecutive years must wait r two years before she is again eligible enter the contest.

8. The judges shall consist of one mem- r of the general board, one person from e English department of an educational stitution, and one person who is a re- gnized writer. In case of complete dis- reement among the judges, all stories selected for a place by the various judges will be submitted to a specially selected committee for final decision.

In evaluating the stories, consideration will be given to the following points:

a. Characters and their presentation
b. Plot development
c. Message of the story
d. Writing style

9. *Entries must be postmarked not later than August 15, 1957.*

10. All entries are to be addressed to Relief Society Short Story Contest, 76 North Main, Salt Lake City 11, Utah.

The Gift and the Giving—of Poetry

Lael W. Hill

EVERY soul newborn into this world is given not only the gift of life, but certain talnts, which may be developed and ed to numerous ends. These talnts include every field of endeavor om home baking to politics to usic and poetry, which gift is metimes looked upon with envy those who "cannot" write verse. Yet the truth is that some poetic bility is given everyone. Poetry is much of life, and there are many al poets in the world who have st not "found themselves," or who ve become so entangled among e humdrums lose the awareess of each day's newness and niqueness, which is of primary imortance to the making of poems.

It is almost as if poetry were a orld one must approach as a child. For, as a young child explores the orld about him, looking, listening, uching with curious fingers, sniffg, and tasting everything he can t his mouth to, so writers of verse ust observe everything around them, over and over, as if for the first time. Actually, everything is always different, if only from the ever-changing points of view we develop as we grow in knowledge and understanding. But we must, to keep alive this awareness of the world, be ourselves always active in life — not just "busy" at task or pastime — but opening eyes, mind, and heart to every day — until, filled with discovery, we must share with others.

Poetry is communication. And communication is a first need of mankind. The newborn squalls a lusty announcement on his arrival to this life, and from then on finds his voice very important. He cries, coos, babbles, coaxing or commanding; he imitates what he hears, telling his wants, thoughts, experiences, and beliefs. So with the poet.

Writing poetry is a two-way process — a taking in (inspiration) and a giving forth (expression). We receive inspiration from many sources. Besides our personal

observation and experience, we may have others' problems and achievements for the listening. We may learn as much as anyone ever knew, if we read widely and wisely enough. The Bible, other poets' poems, travelogues, and biographies are doorways to otherwise impossible adventures. And when we are thus filled, we may give forth.

Poetry must be a labor of love, for this day seems to offer little appreciation, and therefore, slight demand for what has been called the stepchild of the arts. Yet we who work at poetry find reward in the enrichment of our own minds and lives, the increasing of our own powers of appreciation, the satisfaction of contributing some coin, however small, to the wealth of human wisdom.

POETRY is a labor that demands its share of sacrifice, as does any creative effort. It demands fine sensitivity to the beauty and the ugliness around us. It demands great receptivity of moods, ideas, joys, and hurts. It demands time — hours we may feel should be devoted to cleaning house or canning fruit, or mending socks and levis. Frequently a compromise can be effected here, the children helping with chores, which is also good for them, or the time spent on these duties used simultaneously for turning over old conclusions and receiving new inspiration. The point is: to write, you *must write*. And you must do it *now*. There is no other time, and poetry ideas set aside for someday may never be written.

How well a child communicates depends on the extent and sureness of his explorations, the instruction he receives — his "taking in." This is also true with poets. The tools we work with are not only pencil, paper, typewriter, and experience, real or imagined. We need a knowledge of rhythms, of language, of verse.

Rhythm is with the child from the beginning, and all life on earth is set to one kind or another of regularity, from the turn of the seasons or the ebb and flow of ocean tides, to our patterns of sleep and waking, our stride, our pulse beat. The rhythms, or meters, of poetry, then, are as natural as breathing. But it is the poet's responsibility to know — and to use most effectively — the meters developed and named by our predecessors: iambic, trochaic, spondaic, dactylic, amphibrachic, anapestic, and many variations.

In free verse cadence is emphasized — a flow of words usually pleasantly rhythmical yet with *no* regularly stressed syllables.

Language, of course, is our use of words. The words we choose may be quite simple, or complex — and either can be used effectively in poetry, though the choice should be consistent in any one poem. Every poet ought to select each word for truest tone and perspective of expression. This will not always be the *factual* word; it will frequently be one that in prose might have some other meaning. We might write: "All the tiny insect eyes," but a moth's eyes glow ruby red in lamplight, so we extend the image to include all these little creatures, and say, "All the tiny jewelled eyes" (From "While Summer Sings," *The Relief Society Magazine*, June 1955). It might have

been even better to say "jewels of eyes," thus eliminating an adjective. Adjectives so often become mere "padding."

Sometimes, in the constant search for new expressions, the poet perhaps tries *too* hard, and his poem will not be understandable to *any* reader; or it may be laughable where humor was not intended. A poem printed in a century-old book says:

> made a posie, while the day ran by:
> Here will I *smell my remnant out, and tie*
> My life within this band . . . .
> (Italics mine).

Or, secretly or unconsciously doubting his poem's clarity, a poet may add an explanation or a "moral." If this happens, he should re-examine the whole poem, reword where necessary, and so present the message with no glaring label.

THE forms into which we may set our ideas are so many and varied that probably no one of us will ever try them all. For less experienced verse writers, I would suggest working first with the simple ballad or lyric, the sonnet, and perhaps terza rima (less difficult than it sounds).

The ballad is probably easiest, with its four-line stanzas, the first line in each stanza rhyming with the third line, the second with the fourth. The ballad is usually iambic meter, which seems the most natural for the English language. This form is most often used for lyric verse, which has a "singing" quality. A "four-three-four-three" pattern of measured beats is not difficult to follow, and may be varied by an extra, unstressed syllable occasionally, thus avoiding the "singsong" of nursery rhymes and doggerel. It is not the total number of syllables that controls line length, but rather the number of accented syllables.

Most readers are familiar with the sonnet, the fourteen-line pattern used so beautifully by Shakespeare, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and Edna St. Vincent Millay. Its five-stress iambic meter, its rhyme schemes, most popularly "A B A B C D C D E F E F G G," offer excellent challenge. And some of the loveliest poems of our language are in this form. But one word of caution: sonnets can be habit forming, and it might be a good idea, if poems seem *always* to begin as sonnets, to break the rhythm deliberately and try another pattern, just for added experience.

Terza rima is a pattern of three-line stanzas, with interlocking rhymes (A B A, B C B, etc.) and a concluding couplet. It is often fourteen lines, like a sonnet, but can be shorter or longer.

A good book on poetry technique will describe many other "fixed" forms, which are always good practice to try, if only that one may then better appreciate other poets' work. And remember that almost any of the principles of poetry, once thoroughly mastered, may be "bent" or even broken, if it is done skillfully and to purposeful effect.

Free verse, often mistakenly thought to be the easiest to write, is as exacting as any other, sometimes more exacting. While it may have cadence, for instance, it must *not* have meter — and how slyly an iambic line can slip in, or the poetic idea degenerate into prose! And how easy it is to get on

a tangent to nowhere! Though the modern idea is to *suggest* rather than to *tell*, allowing the reader to participate in this creative venture, the poet should not lead his partner into a morass of abstraction and there leave him without even a map. And, as Clement Wood once wrote me: "The choice of the free verse form leaves no excuse for less than the *perfect* word." Note that word "form." Like all freedoms, free verse requires almost more discipline than any rigid form. Without discipline in poetry, as in life, there can be only chaos.

The gift of life is invitation to many kinds of poetry. We who choose to work and play with words might do well to heed this admonition, found in a newspaper column some time ago: "Whatever talent you possess is God's gift to you. What you do with it is your gift to God."

Above and beyond our own needs of expression, our personal ambitions, therefore, shall we not offer to the Lord our most sincere, most careful effort?

SOME HELPFUL BOOKS FOR POETS

First Principles of Verse, by Robert Hillyer, $2

How to Revise Your Own Poems, by Anne Hamilton, $1.50

Writing Light Verse, by Richard Armour, $2. (The Writer, Inc., 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Mass.)

Complete Rhyming Dictionary and Poets' Handbook, by Burgess Johnson, $3.75 (Harper and Brothers, 49 East 33rd Street, New York 16, New York)

How to Write a Short Story

Mary Ek Knowles

HAVING been a beginning writer myself, I know the many problems which confront you new writers or would-be writers for *The Relief Society Magazine*. You have a burning within you, a great urge to tell a story. You see something, or you hear something, or some incident occurs in your life and you know, "That would make a good story." And yet when you try to put your idea on paper you find difficulty in expressing yourself.

I have been in that predicament myself. I still, at this late date, find myself limited, because a writer never learns everything, and each story is a challenge, a problem which must be solved in such a different and fresh way that it will achieve publication.

I cannot tell you how to become a writer. No one can. But, perhaps, if I pass on to you some of the things I have learned from experience, I can help you get through the first agonizing stages.

First, the beginning writer should think seriously about the choice of subject matter. It must be subject matter with which he is familiar or the story will have the dull thud of a counterfeit coin. Remember

hat the greatest short stories have een written about people as fa- iliar as the family next door, faced ith such problems as: jealousy be- ween brothers; the waywardness of daughter; the misunderstanding etween a mother and her daugh- r-in-law; the discouragement of a usband. These are only a few of ne problems which would make for n absorbing short story, but they re age-old.

Look in the Bible or The Book f Mormon, and you will find there ne same problems, because human ature does not change. This is ne reason why such basic problems ive a story reader identification. By ader identification we mean that ne reader can see himself faced ith such a problem and ask him- lf, "What would I do in such a tuation?"

HOOSE then a problem with which you are familiar. "But," ou ask, "if all of the problems are ge-old, how can I present them in new way?"

The answer to this lies in haracterization. There are no new roblems, no new plots, but it is he manner in which your main haracter meets his problem and olves it that gives your story a fresh lant. Because no two people are like and no two people will solve problem in the same way.

Second in importance is character- zation. Know your characters and nake them alive to the reader. For nstance, a problem may be a simple veryday problem, but to the main character it is a life-and-death matter, and you must make your reader feel his anxiety.

You will need some knowledge of human nature and reactions. Ask yourself such questions as: What forces within are pushing my character? What kind of childhood did he have? What are his interests? What are his ambitions? What is his moral code? It is important to know these things, because in a time of crisis his actions will be consistent with his background which begins at birth.

Let me recommend very highly the book *Characters Make Your Story* by Maren Elwood.* This book is well worth the price. Read it from cover to cover, and then go back and do the exercises at the end of each chapter. Characters *do* make your story.

A few paragraphs above, I stated that the problem must be a life-and-death matter to the main character. A story which arouses no feeling of emotion in the reader's heart is a lifeless thing. So how can a writer put emotion into his story? Remember this one thing: *It is the situation which arouses an emotion.* Not the flowery or descriptive adjectives used, but the situation. Place your character in a dramatic situation, and you will have emotion.

To give an example: The story opens with a young wife being told by her family doctor that her husband is dying. Nothing can be done for him, and for the good of the patient he must not be told the truth. Heretofore the wife has

*Characters Make Your Story, by Maren Elwood, may be purchased from The Writer's Digest, 22 East 12th St., Cincinnati 10, Ohio, for $3.75.

shared every problem with her husband, but now she must stand alone. That situation creates an emotion, and the emotion intensifies as the wife must conceal her true emotions and yet appear hopeful.

And how can the reader be made to know her concealed emotions? By knowing what the wife is thinking. Read thoroughly the chapter, "Thoughts are Things" in *Characters Make Your Story*. Not only does this thought-device create emotion, but it can do many other things; for example, it is an excellent way to create reader sympathy for an unsympathetic character.

For instance: A character may act in a bold, ruthless manner, but from his thoughts the reader knows that underneath he is frightened, insecure, and desperately wanting affection. The very fact that he goes about in such a clumsy way to get affection gives the reader a sympathy for him.

THERE are a few basic rules which a good short story must obey, but don't be misled by their seeming simplicity. To follow these rules takes the greatest skill.

1. State the main character's problem at the beginning of the story.

2. Make certain the character solves his problem.

3. Check to see if the story moves forward towards the climax with each scene, with each bit of dialogue.

4. When the story is ended be sure that it has said something, demonstrated some truth.

To enlarge on this last important point: Demonstrating a truth is what is known as the theme of a story. The writer must ask herself, "What do I want my story to say to the reader? Will the reader after having read my story say to herself, 'I have the same problem the character in this story had. Maybe I can solve it as she did.' "

Maybe your character couldn't solve her problem. Quite often people can't solve their problems, you know. Maybe you ended the story with your character — after she had tried to solve her problem by every method and means — being resigned to this fact, but reaching the conclusion that, with the help of the Lord, she will live with the problem and in the end rise above it and be a better person.

The theme of this story would then be, *from courage comes strength and wisdom*. Or you might write a story which — to give a few examples — demonstrates such themes as: *good is rewarded*, or *evil is always punished*, or *love conquers all*, or *murder will out*, or *patience is rewarded*. A theme is the type of homey moral which our grandmothers embroidered in cross-stitch and hung on the wall. Just be sure that your story has a strong theme.

It is of prime importance that your story end with a "lift." By this, I do not mean a sirupy, happy ending which would be inconsistent with what has happened in the story up to that point. If you have shown your main character as being very selfish all the way through the story, you cannot suddenly have him solve his problem with an unselfish act.

Leave your reader feeling better for having read the story. If, in your

ory, the main character, as I said ove, has not solved her problem, ut, has learned compassion for the rson who created the problem, d resolves with divine help to find e courage to go on, your story will d on a note of hope and will give e reader a "lift."

Remember that writing is a pro-ssion, and the writing of a short ory is one of the most exacting sks in the field of creative art. In nly a few thousand words you must resent a problem, do a skillful naracterization, keep the story oving, end the story in a satisfac-ry manner. All this at the same me. The writer is not unlike a ggler.

You will not become a writer vernight, any more than the medic-l student becomes a doctor over-ight, or the law student sits in the dge's seat overnight. So don't be iscouraged if your early efforts are isappointing. Only by writing and y the trial-and-error method will ou learn.

There is no easy road, there is o substitute for the, perhaps, mil-ion words, many of which will land n the wastebasket. But there is a eward which comes from those first illion words because you will final-y learn at which type of story you re the most adept, and what your est method of working is, and you vill develop a story sense.

The Church publications offer an xcellent training for the beginning vriter. I am grateful to *The Relief Society Magazine* and *The Improvement Era* for the encouragement they gave me in my early days of writing, and I am always proud to see one of my stories in these magazines.

As to what other books I might recommend to help the writer: I found *Dynamics of Drama** by Shaftel to be very good. Read any book you can get on writing. You may find one that suits you even better than the two I have named.

Right now the short story field is in a highly competitive stage. Even established writers are not selling. Let me caution you at this point not to sell your talent short. Perhaps you dream of becoming a great financial success as a result of your talent. If you don't realize this ambition, don't let frustration and bitterness belittle this talent which you have.

You may use your skill with words in writing the story of your life, so that your children and grandchildren may someday read it, or write newsy letters to missionaries, or to the boys in the service, or write skits for the different organizations of the Church. If you do this, you will have justified your talent.

Remember that the money one receives for the sale of a story is the smallest part of the reward. One of my stories of which I am most proud was published in a magazine which paid nothing, but it was an honor to appear in its pages. Remember that the money is soon spent, but if you have written something which has influenced or brought a bit of joy or humor into someone's life, those are the lasting rewards.

*Note: *Dynamics of Drama*, by Armin Shaftel, may be purchased from the Comfort Press, Inc., St. Louis, Missouri, for $2.50.

"This Is My Baby"

Christie Lund Coles

YOU were so pretty standing before me in your pink and black skirt, and your trim, little pink blouse. Your eyes were like blue delphiniums, and your fair skin took on some of the pinkness of your clothes.

You looked little more than a child yourself as you reminded me quite emphatically, "This is my baby," in answer to a suggestion I had made, telling me that you were responsible for my adorable granddaughter.

"That is right," I replied, "would you like some cookies and milk? We can give Ann a graham cracker."

You hesitated briefly, then accepted, smiling. We went into the kitchen to sit at the table where the sun made the yellow curtains more yellow, and the flowers on the sill shone in leaf and bud.

We ate together while Ann did a delightful job of getting the cracker any place except in her mouth. We watched her in delight until her eyes became heavy, and you said you should take her home for her nap.

"Couldn't she nap here, just once?" I asked.

Sorry for your abrupt words, you smiled, agreeing, "I suppose so."

And together we put chairs around the bed in your room which still stands the way you left it. I went out, you stayed a moment.

You came out and sat opposite me in the blue mohair chair. You took out the socks you were knitting for Jim, the intricate heels which you were determined to conquer.

My heart went out to you in love and tenderness. I thought of the many times through the years when you had sat in that same chair: when you were very small, curled up in it; when you were larger, and there was company, and you would sit primly — in your best dress, and patent-leather slippers — your feet not quite touching the floor; when you were in high school.

We talked a little as I crocheted a new edge on a white linen hankie. We didn't talk loudly because Ann is a light sleeper and we didn't want to awaken her.

It was enough for me just to have you there.

As I thought of the baby's coming, I remembered when you were born. The doctors had told me I shouldn't have a child because of my heart, badly damaged by years of semi-invalidism from rheumatic fever. But I wasn't afraid. My want of you transcended all fear. Even during the difficult and long birth, when even the doctor was frightened, I did not lose faith.

When you were born, I saw your delicate head, your gray-blue eyes, your slim fingers that touched mine and made me forever your slave, and knew you were worth it all and much, much more.

I thought fondly and swiftly of my own birth and my dear mother. I told myself again, we were all a part of this new and wonderful life. *Ann is not yours.*

I recalled how much I had loved ou . . . how I had sat by your crib nd actually wept in gratitude, see- ng you asleep, touching your hair, nd glad because you were so per- ect, so sweet.

SOON you were walking. For a time we lived in the same apart- ment house as my mother and fa- her. They were just above us. You used to climb the stairs some mornings before I was awake and ell grandma you wanted hotcakes. 'm sure she and grandpa loved you ust as I love Ann. There was nev- r enough they could do for you.

And you were dear to Daddy's parents also though we were not as close to them. But I recall one day we were at their home in the country. It was some holiday and all the family was there, sitting around in the back yard visiting. You had followed the dog to the front lawn and, naturally, I had fol- owed you.

The flowing well was at the top of the lawn near the fence and it ran constantly into a large barrel sunk into the ground. You leaned over to take a drink from the run- ning tap and, although I was hold- ing you, you slipped and went head- first into the overflowing barrel.

You were a dead weight, heavy for me to try and lift out. I called frantically for help, but because of the distance and the talking and the laughter, no one heard me. I knew I must get you out, and do it quickly. Almost immersing my- self I reached down to get a good hold on you and, with all my rather limited strength, pulled you to the surface, coughing and chok- ing.

I took you into the house to dry you. What did you do? You looked into the long mirror and said, "All my curls are gone."

And indeed they were, the curls we had worked so hard putting in that morning.

"There will be lots of other curls," I whispered, gathering you into my arms, "lots of curls."

You saved me from drowning later. And I, who was afraid of a tiny spider — once chased a taran- tula all over the bed to protect you.

There was the time, in another strange town, when your father was away, when we were ill at the same time, without a loaf of bread in the house, and with no phone to order any. But we managed. And we had fun . . . fun. Until you were a big girl, you would ask me to sing to you after we were in bed. With the doors open between our rooms, I would sing sometimes for an hour, or until I was too hoarse to sing any longer. And there were nights when we were both nervous, and you would come and crawl into my bed.

Today, as I looked at you across the room, trying to appear so ma- ture, I thought of many things:

The day we were wishing on a wishbone, and I said, "Well, you got your wish."

You answered, "No, you got your wish."

"But you got the head," I insist- ed, "you got your wish."

You smiled, shyly, "I *wished* that you would get your *wish*."

And the day you said, "Maybe I could do something so you would stop loving me. But nothing you could ever do could make *me* stop loving *you*."

Is it any wonder that I love you so very, very much?

* * * * *

I recalled when Jim came along. He was a fine, good boy from down the street. It didn't seem serious at first. You went together for nearly two years. After he finished college, he asked to marry you. We thought you were too young — nearly nineteen — but you said you knew what you wanted, and since our wish for your happiness was sincere, we consented. The temple ceremony was beautiful and sacred and the wedding reception was lovely.

Your dress was hand-sewn. I'm sure there has never been a lovelier, more radiantly beautiful bride. When the receiving was over and you cut your wedding cake, I sat at the side and watched you serving grandmas and aunts. I had not wept. But as you moved back toward the table, for just the fraction of a moment your eyes moved to mine with a sort of frightened, seeking expression. You stood as though you were about to run toward me, and I felt that I must run toward you and take you in my arms. But you went on and I turned my head. And cried—just a little.

* * * * *

"Oh, dear, I dropped a stitch," you said, furrowing your smooth brow, "Can you help me?"

"I'm not too good at it, you know, but I'll try," I told you, remembering the shawl I had begun before Ann was born and never quite finished — though I still had hopes.

As though you knew what I was thinking, you smiled, "You may not believe it, but *I'm* going to *finish* these. He may not be able to wear them but they'll be knitted."

"He'll wear them," I assured you, "you'll see." As you moved toward me the sunlight touched your almost transparent, fair skin, and I asked, "Are you sure your blood is up all right now? Do you feel all right?"

"Never better. Actually, I'm fine."

* * * * *

SUDDENLY, I was seeing you when you were pregnant, seeing you pass the big living room window in your cute, blue-checked smock, carrying your white purse as only a little girl playing house could possibly carry it, coming in smiling as we rushed to kiss you.

And the day before the baby was born, you said to me, "I think I'll drive out to Rita's tomorrow and spend the day."

"Oh, no," I cried, "tomorrow's when the baby is due. You mustn't take any chances driving that far. Something might happen."

"Oh, I'll be all right," you assured me.

But I wasn't that easily put off. I insisted, "Promise me you won't,"

You finally promised, then rose to leave. You kissed me a bit longer than usual that day, clung to me, and I knew you were frightened.

I assured you, "It will be just fine. Don't worry."

At a quarter to eight the next morning the phone rang. It was Jim. You two had been at the hospital since midnight. Now you were in the delivery room and we could come out. Your Daddy went pale, and I trembled as I got ready,

all the time saying a prayer over and over.

We were in the waiting room for nearly an hour. Daddy had an appointment in Lake City to meet the manager of his company at the train. He kept saying, "I don't want to go, but I'm afraid I'll have to."

Everything had gone fine, so we told him he had better go, and regretfully, he did. Shortly afterward, a nurse came into the room and said there were too many in the waiting room, and all except the fathers would have to go downstairs in the lobby. Jim's mother and I went reluctantly.

It was in that half hour that we were gone that they brought you out, and word was sent to us that we could see you. When I walked into your room, you were very pale, but your eyes were bright and you said, "Oh, Mama, you should have been here. When they wheeled me out they put her in my arms and let me carry her down the hall. *Oh, she's so sweet.*"

I thought of when we had first reached the hospital and Jim and his mother had been talking about the name for the baby if it were a boy. I said, "Now, just think how badly she's going to feel about all this planning for a boy."

I kissed you, whispering, "Of course she is sweet. Now, you must rest."

WE two mothers left. In the hall we met your doctor who asked if we had seen the baby. When we said, "No," he took us to the nursery. He went in, asked for your baby, brought it to the door for us to see. I fell in love with her then.

We came back to your room. I could see you were in pain, and I asked the nurse about it. She said it was natural and you would be fine. Still, I turned at the door to look at you, thinking, she's paler now than when we came in.

About noon, I called your room. I was ready to hang up when you told me the doctor was there. But he wanted to speak to me. He said, trying to make his voice casual, "You and her husband might come out within half an hour or so. It is nothing to worry about. . . ."

In spite of his casualness, after a moment I knew he meant that there was trouble. You had looked so pale and tired. Jim and I knelt down and prayed together before we left, and I felt sure you would be all right.

Later, when you came out of the operating room, you were very pale and in pain. I could have stayed. But I knew you needed rest . . . rest. And if I stayed Jim's mother would stay, too, and it might be too much for you. I left, my heart straining back to you, and your pain which I had no power to ease.

It seemed no time at all until someone was at my front door. It was Jim's mother. She said the hospital had been unable to reach me and had called her. *You had to have another operation.*

I stood trembling and managed to say, "I can't . . . I can't go this minute. I will be out as soon as possible."

Alone, I prayed, then called my mother in Lake City, where your

father had gone, told her to try and get in touch with him.

I sobbed on the telephone, "I can't bear to have anything happen to her." My mother wept.

I knew that nothing could keep me from the hospital. I called a friend, and she said she would be right over to take me out. I didn't think of a taxi, and I suppose the reason was that I needed a friend so badly. The ten minutes I waited seemed an eternity.

WHEN I got to the hospital, I met the doctor and a specialist he had called in to help him, in the hall.

"How is she?" I whispered.

"She is in her room. If this doesn't help, we'll have to do something more drastic."

"It must help," I whispered.

I went to your room where you still lay. There was a blood transfusion (your fourth) in one arm, glucose in the other, and oxygen in your nose. You managed part of your wonderful smile, and I stroked back your hair — from which the curl had gone — and thought of you passing the big window carrying your white purse; thought of the time as a child when you were strong and insisted on stirring my cake batter, saying, "I'll be your electric beater."

I kissed you, and not meaning to, let a tear fall on your cheek. Then I turned and walked out of the room. Soon, Jim's mother came out and admonished me not to let you see me cry. I nodded. *You weren't her child.*

You asked me later why I cried, and I smiled, saying, "I was sorry that you had to go back into the operating room, and sorry I didn't get there sooner. But everything's just fine. Just fine."

* * * * *

THAT was months ago. Now you are sitting opposite me, well and strong again.

You said, "She's stirring. Do you want to get her?"

I nodded, rising, going toward the room which would always be yours. You were close behind me, however, for her every waking moment was a wonder to us all.

We entered the room. She looked at us with her lovely eyes. I reached my arms out to her. But she turned and reached for you instead. Just as she still does when she first wakens or is tired or unhappy. Grandma is wonderful at other times, but in these moments, you are the one she wants.

Suddenly as I watched you lift her to your shoulder, I knew with a strange pang that what you had said was *true*. She was indeed your baby. You had paid for her with your travail, just as I had paid for you.

But it was infinitely more than that. All of my thinking and remembering had proved not my point, but yours. There is birth, and there is something else, knit by the moments and the hours that no one else ever shares. I said, "Yes, my darling, she is your baby."

To myself I thought, *But she will not always be.*

And that, too, is as it should be. As it must be if the world is to go on.

Don Knight

THE GRAND TETONS AND JACKSON LAKE, WYOMING

Dawn

Sylvia Probst Young

Crimson streaked and gold is dawn,
Lifting through the gray,
Dew-bathed rose, and winging bird—
Harbinger of day.

Lift your eyes to wood and field,
Look to rock-ribbed hill.
In the gentle, waking hour,
All is hushed and still—

Peace be thine, oh, tired heart,
Now the night is gone—
God has willed it shall be so,
After darkness—dawn!

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, May 1, and May 15, 1897

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

EGYPT: Egypt is a country in the northeast of Africa, extending from the Mediterranean Sea to the first cataract of the Nile, that of Assouan. . . . Its length from this cataract to the northernmost point of the Delta, is about 500 miles; and its breadth from the shores of the Red Sea to the Libyan desert, may be estimated at 250 miles. This land was inhabited at a very early period of the world's existence; and in ancient times it contained a great number of cities, and an incredible multitude of people. Egypt may be described as "the bed of the Nile," the cultivated territory only extending to the limits of the inundation. . . .

—Julia A. Druce

FROM NEW ZEALAND: The *White Ribbon* (New Zealand) states that two Maori ladies, Mrs. Hirani and Mrs. Taranaki, were members of a deputation which recently waited on the premier of New Zealand in regard to native land disputes.

—News Note

PARTY IN THE LION HOUSE: On Thursday afternoon, April 29, Sister Margaret P. Young gave a most enjoyable party in the interesting parlor of the Lion House. Most of the guests present were Temple workers. . . . The afternoon was passed in social conversation mostly reminiscent of the house, its illustrious owner and its belongings, of incidents connected with it and the people who were familiar and frequent guests there in the days of President Brigham Young. . . . President Lorenzo Snow addressed . . . the sisters, alluding particularly to the work in the Temple and urging the benefits to the living and the dead. . . .

—News Note

ODE TO THE PIONEERS

Hail to the year of Jubilee!
Let pealing anthems rise,
And bursts of echoing melody
Loud mingle with the skies!
Let earth resound with music's power;
Glad welcoming the year,
When Utah sees her natal hour
The fiftieth time appear. . . .

—Orson F. Whitney

GENERAL RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE: Conference opened with singing "O say what is truth"; prayer was offered by Elder Charles O. Card, President Alberta Stake, Canada; continued by singing "Redeemer of Israel." President Zina D. H. Young made a few opening remarks. . . . Sister Annie D. Hardy, representative from Mexico, spoke cheerfully in an interesting manner of the country, the mission undertaken by the people in that locality . . . spoke in terms of praise of the sisters. . . . President Ann C. Woodbury, St. George Stake, felt sure they had a mint in sericulture, realized it would be a benefit to them in taking care of the poor. . . . Sister Woodbury also urged the sisters to be faithful and work for their dead. . . . Sister Zina Y. Card talked about home industries. . . . thought we as a people had made too much of the things of this world . . . thought it was displeasing in the sight of the Lord. . . .

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

LIEUTENANT Colonel Mary L. Milligan, Edgewood, Pennsylvania, has taken over the Women's Army Corps command. She entered the WAC in 1942.

BEAUTIFUL Thailand Princess Wiwam Worawam is secretary to her father, Prince Wan Waithayakon, new President of the General Assembly of the United Nations. She is also being very successful as a general good-will ambassador.

MRS. GOLDA MEIR, reared in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, is Israel's Foreign Minister.

A quarter of a century ago Spanish-speaking women were expected to be "like flowers decorating their homes." The men of their countries felt that being in business, politics, universities, and public life in general was "all right for the women of the United States, but not for our women." Today, in Spain, Cuba, and South America women are doing all these things. Young girls study in the universities along with the men. They are very ambitious. Yet with all their modern progress, they retain the romantic beauty and charm of the maidens who coquetted modestly behind iron-grilled windows some years ago.

MRS. REED H. (AURELIA PYPER) RICHARDS, an active Latter-day Saint woman, a native of Salt Lake City, was recently named "U. S. Lady of the Year" by the magazine *U. S. Lady*, which is devoted to problems of servicemen's wives. On the selection committee were the wives of the Secretaries of Defense, Army, Navy, Air Force, and other service leaders. Her husband is Lt. Col. Reed H. Richards, also a Latter-day Saint, formerly of Salt Lake City, now of Fort Bragg, North Carolina. The couple has seven adopted children. Mrs. Richards won enthusiastic personal approval on her national television broadcast, following this honor.

BRITISH Betty E. Box is a noted producer of motion picture films in England.

ALENE DALTON, Salt Lake City's nationally famous Story Princess, told the story, "The Littlest Angel," on a national television broadcast, December 23. The N. A. Donohue Company, Chicago, has recently published a book of Mrs. Dalton's original stories, *The Story Princess Stories*, charmingly told and beautifully illustrated.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 44 MAY 1957 NO. 5

Pen in Hand

THE woman who takes her pen in hand to weave her thoughts into words enters an infinite world of far-reaching influence and significance. Her poem or her story may reach the hearts of thousands whom she has never seen, and their spirits may be enlightened and uplifted—may be changed and enriched—through the new patterns woven with familiar words. All the words of the language are ready for the writer to use—all the singing words, all the beckoning words, all the profound words. It is for the woman with her pen in hand to make the new patterns and to mark those patterns with the signature of her own personality, the depth and beauty of her thoughts; it is for her to communicate the meaning of life as it has been given her to understand the worth and the purpose of her days upon the earth.

Poetry, as song, was the first form of literature, and it has become a heritage of harmony, singing through the centuries. It partakes of music in its sweep of rhythm; it is like sculpture in its use of form; and it is allied to painting in color and perspective vision. A great and good poem draws its richness from many sources, and may be compared to a precious tapestry of muted or glowing colors, symbolic of the spirit in its everlasting search for eternal values.

Fictional and imaginative stories have been told since time began, and in the scattering of the people, each land developed its epics and sagas, its small romantic legends, its great heroic narratives. Set in its framework of historic perception, the short story can be more than plot and people, more than problems and solutions. In presenting its illuminated segment of life, the story may unify, with the power of words, the discordant threads of earthly existence, and in its revealing design, the story may beckon its reader to heights of spiritual understanding not visible before.

The ability to weave a tapestry of words is a precious gift—worthy of use and development. The strands for the weaving are endless, and their colors may be patterned in the aspirations and the hopes of women through the ages. Consider the natural world, the beautiful and ever-revealing earth, which the Heavenly Father has given us for our sojourn in time and for our habitation in eternity. Portraits of earth's loveliness may be made with words — perhaps the inspiration may come from a flower or a bird, or the greening hills of home. A writer may speak of the unfolding ways of children, the emotions of a mother's heart, the lasting communion of friendship, the abiding thoughts of maturity, the wise expanse of the minds of the aged. These may be the strands for the

beginning of the weaving, for the design and for the pattern.

For the Latter-day Saint woman, the subject matter of her literary composition can be wide and lofty, spiritually beckoning, for to her has been given a priceless legacy of inspiration and understanding. Not only may she choose to recount the emotions and ideals which appeal to her womanhood, but she may place these thoughts in their rightful sequence in the eternal plan of family patterns. A woman, having the heritage of the gospel, may delineate the courageous ways of pioneering with the realization that the light of faith illuminated the dark plains and glowed upon the unknown mountains. The story of sacrifice and accomplishment, the story of banishment and rebuilding, the story of the desert turned to a garden—how various and how beautiful are the strands for our weaving with words.

The poetry of Eliza R. Snow, for whom the Relief Society contest is named, expressed the ideals and yearnings of her people. Her poems were trumpets calling and banners waving; they were evening prayer and home fires burning. She has given to Latter-day Saint women an example and a challenge. Realizing the importance of this challenge to Relief Society and to women interested in writing, the general board has provided an opportunity for the women of the Church to express themselves in poems of lasting significance. Each year the prize-winning poems are published in the *Magazine* in January, the birthday month of the pioneer poet, Eliza R. Snow.

The story contest, initiated in 1942, as a memorial to the centennial year of Relief Society, has been continued since that time, offering to the sisters the wide field of fiction for the expression of themes dear to their hearts.

Who will sing with strength and beauty the songs of modern Zion? Who will there be among us to tell the story of our people — their past and their present — their hopes for the future? When a woman takes her pen in hand, she weaves a tapestry which is intended to be shared with her sisters. For this far-reaching purpose, she will choose the strands with care, and she will carefully plan the design, make strong the weaving, and illuminate her tapestry.

—V. P. C.

Signal by Sun

Maryhale Woolsey

A little while each day, the sun shines in
And lays upon the floor a golden square
Patterned with lacy shadows of the leaves
The window-arching elms and maples wear.

And, watching, I renew a deep sweet sense
Of peace, contentment, and serenity;
This small design of light and shadow seems
A token that all's well, and so shall be.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Brigham Young University Leadership Week

Annual "Festival of Learning" — "The Family Faces the Future"

BRIGHAM Young University Leadership Week will be held June 24-29, 1957, on the Brigham Young University Campus, Provo, Utah. Relief Society members have found the leadership classes of great interest and value and are looking forward to this year's program. The general board wishes to call to the attention of Relief Society members the following classes which, in addition to many others, it is believed will be of special interest to Relief Society women:

Messages of the Doctrine and Covenants
Shakespeare
For Teachers of Adults
Arts and Crafts for Adults
Making Our Own Audio—Visual Aids
Materials and Methods for Church Choirs
Challenges of the Family in the Modern World
Roots of Family Happiness
Home Nursing
Family Night
Family Financial Planning
"How" and "Why" for the Housewife
Fashion Show — "Clothing the Latter-day Saint Family"
Parenthood in a Free Nation

Elder Roy W. Doxey, author of the theology lessons for the coming year, will teach the course on The Doctrine and Covenants; Elder Briant S. Jacobs, author of the Relief Society literature lessons, will teach the classes in Shakespeare; and Elder John Farr Larson, author of the social science lessons, will teach a course on Latter-day Saint family life. Many excellent courses on family life, in addition to those listed above, will be given.

A detailed program may be obtained by requesting a copy of "The Family Faces the Future" from Brigham Young University Adult Education and Extension Services, Provo, Utah.

While the instruction and teaching received at Leadership Week are not the official instructions representing Relief Society, yet the material is beneficial because it will supplement and enhance understanding.

A Year's Supply

Mabel L. Anderson

THE advice of the Church to store food has brought back to me many happy memories of my childhood.

My parents would never think of starting a winter without a year's supply of coal and wood, without the barns full of hay, the granaries full of wheat and oats, the potato cellar bulging, cabbages wrapped in papers, carrots and parsnips dug and placed under the ground, great bins of apples, barrels of meat in brine, and smoked meat hanging from the ceiling, shelves of colorful jams, jellies, fruits, meats, and vegetables. We had, in addition, a case or two of canned goods, at least a hundred-pound sack of sugar, five gallons of honey, a gallon or two of "Dixie" molasses, and, hanging from the ceiling, was a platform on which were several sacks of flour. Before freezing weather, mother always made a goodly supply of homemade laundry soap. With our own cow and chickens, we were prepared."

My parents were not unique. That was the way most people lived. It was a sane, safe, secure way of life. We knew that our loved ones and the strangers within our gates would not need to hunger, because we had our cellars and our bins full.

Today, as in the past, it is wise to have a year's supply of essentials on hand. Such a plan gives us a feeling of security, a knowledge that we are obeying the counsel of the General Authorities. It is a way of life which has been taught and practiced by faithful Church members over the years.

Hold Every Moment

Elise Bailey Collins

Listen! The day is a beautiful song
Playing for people to hear with their hearts.
Hold every moment-note preciously long,
Savor the magic before it departs.

Violin sunshine and wind-cellos blend;
Cymbal-puff clouds echo all through the sky;
Quicksilver chords shimmer over a lake,
Weaving a melody meant for the eye.

Modesty Is the Best Policy

MODESTY, like honesty in the copy book adage, is the best policy. It is the best policy because it is best for you.

Modesty is a many-sided virtue. It applies to your manner of speech, your manner of dress, your manner of conduct. And thus it reveals the manner of person you are.

Take speech. One who is modest in speech talks with restraint, sticks to the facts, gives to others the right to their own opinions without com-

promising his own. His opinions are listened to; his advice is often heeded.

Modesty in dress is another virtue. Smartness of style and modesty can go together, and often do. On the other hand, to flaunt one's figure, especially before persons of the opposite sex, may excite attention but not inspire admiration. Immodesty in dress is more likely to bring a "whistle call" of dubious compliment than a sincere proposal of honorable friendship.

Modesty of conduct also brings its own reward. In a day when vulgarity is sometimes commercialized to the tune of "off beat" dance steps, it may take restraint to be modest on dance floor or in parked car, but true modesty will pay off in the lasting trust and enduring friendships of your companions.

To these rewards of modesty you can add another — your own self-respect — and without self-respect you can never have the true joy of living which a loving Heavenly Father put us here to find and cherish. So — be modest.

BE HONEST WITH YOURSELF

The Cereus Blooms

Ethel Jacobson

There is no more spectacular flower than the cereus Queen of the Night, whose enormous blooms open in summer for one night only.

This is the night long awaited,
When all the desert, breath bated,
Watches loveliness unfold,
Petal by petal, aureoled
With lucent silver, till a queen
Radiant as a star is seen
Mantled in moonlight, crowned with dew
Among her night-moth retinue.

Dawn finds no trace of wonderment—
Only a flowerhead withered, spent,
And a ghost of fragrance on the breeze
To hint of midnight witcheries.

Recipes From the Norwegian Mission

Submitted by Zina R. Engebretsen

Fish Baked in Deep Fat

1 lb. fish fillet (can use frozen)
salt
deep fat

White Sauce:

1 tbsp. butter
1 tbsp. flour
1-1½ c. milk

Dipping Mixture:

1¼ c. flour
⅛ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. sugar
¾ c. milk
1 tbsp. butter
1 egg

Add to the white sauce:

1 tbsp. vinegar
¼ tsp. mustard
1-2 egg yolks
2 tbsp. minced parsley, cucumber cut fine, or capers

Cut the fish in slices of one-half inch, dip in the mixture, and bake in deep fat for about ten minutes. Serve with the sauce.

Boiled Cod

1 lb. cod
1 qt. water
*⅓ c. salt
1 tsp. vinegar

Cut the fish in slices of one-half inch and let stand under running water for ten minutes. Place in boiling salt water to simmer for seven minutes. Caution: Do not allow to boil after the fish has been put in.

*The salt helps to bring out the flavor of the fish and keeps it firm while cooking.

Veiled Country-Girls

1 c. bread crumbs
1 tbsp. sugar
½ tbsp. cinnamon

Toast the bread crumbs until they are golden brown. Leave to cool. Then sprinkle them with the sugar and cinnamon.

Applesauce:

3-4 apples
½-1 c. water
1-2 tbsp. sugar

Cook apples with water and sugar. Cool.

Filling:

1 c. cream
½ tsp. vanilla

Place the bread crumbs and the applesauce in layers in a bowl and cover with whipped cream. Jam may be added to the top layer, if desired.

Lamb in Cabbage

4-5 lbs. lamb or mutton
6 lbs. cabbage
salt
water

The meat should be washed in lukewarm water, cut into chunks, and then put into just enough hot, salted water to cover the meat. Skim the grease from the water when it begins to boil. Simmer, with lid on, for one-half hour. Remove from stove.

Sauce:

⅛ lb. butter
⅛ lb. white flour
1 tbsp. whole pepper (unground)

Melt the butter and blend in the flour. Thin with strained broth. To this sauce, add a layer of meat, and then a layer of washed, cut cabbage, then another layer of meat, and so on, until cabbage and meat have been placed in the sauce. Add the pepper (may be tied in small linen bag). Simmer, with lid on, until tender (at least three hours).

Lapskaus

1 lb. salted side meat (pork)
1 lb. lean beef
½ lb. pork fat
1¼ qt. potatoes
1 small onion
salt to taste
pepper to taste
water

The lean beef, pork fat, and potatoes are diced, covered with water, and put on to cook. The finely chopped onion, salt, and pepper are added to taste. Boil, under lid, for about one and one-half hours. The salted side pork should be added after the meat has boiled for one-half hour. This dish has a stew-like consistency.

You Cannot Leave Me Alone

2 eggs
2 tbsp. sugar
1 env. unflavored gelatine
½ c. cold water
1 c. cream
½ tsp. vanilla

Sprinkle gelatine in the cold water to soften. Place on heat to melt. Whip the eggs and mix them with the melted gelatine. Stir slightly until mixture thickens. Pour into a glass bowl and cover with raspberries, strawberries, or other berries or fruit. Then cover with whipped cream.

Petition

Grace Barker Wilson

I did not ask for sun to shine
Along my way,
But took the brightness or the gloom
Day after day.

I did not ask that all of joy
Should come to me,
But laughed or wept as time went on,
Impartially.

But for my child, I beg the road
Be not too rough.
Could not for her a few, brief tears
Be just enough?

The Third House Down

Florence B. Dunford

THE first Grace Warren knew that their neighbors, across the street and the third house down, were moving was when she saw it in the morning *Chronicle*.

She looked across the breakfast table in the small perfectly appointed dining room at her husband. "Tom, the Normans down the street are moving to California. The Whites had a neighborhood party for them last night."

Tom, one of those good-looking homely men, looked up from his half of the paper. "Oh. How come they didn't invite us?"

"I guess because we're not friends of the Normans," Grace said. "Well, really, we scarcely know them at all." Grace was slight of build, and blonde, perhaps a little shy. But not really shy, she acknowledged to herself. People, she thought, just any people, were sometimes too much trouble to bother with. Still. . . . She looked down at the social item again.

"The Kains were there," she went on. The Kains lived on the east of Tom and Grace, a house farther away from the Normans than themselves. Still, Betty Kain was more Janis Norman's age than was she, Grace.

She read a little farther. "The Moores were there, too." The Moores lived directly across the street; they were much older than even she and Tom.

"I saw Olive and Dr. Moore going down the street last night," Grace said. "They were all dressed up. I wondered where they were going."

As though he detected the odd note of distress in her voice, Tom said, "The Moores are friends of the Whites, aren't they?" The Whites were the ones who gave the party.

"Yes, of course," Grace said quickly. She brushed at an imaginary hair on her forehead. Really, for the last of August it was quite warm.

It was not jealousy, of course. The Whites, who gave the party, were a young couple, younger than the Normans, who were moving. All of which added up to the fact, Grace had to admit, that age has little to do with friendship.

The thought of the Normans moving away, and all the way to California, arose disturbingly in Grace's mind several times that day. When Mrs. Norman first moved into the third house down, three years ago, she had seemed a friendly sort of person. Though she was a busy one, too, with her three children. Even so she found time for golf. One morning she had even phoned Grace, who had never been to call on her. That was a couple of summers ago.

"I was going out to Hill Acres to golf this morning with Betty Kain," Janis Norman had said in her quick, rather abrupt tone. "But now Betty can't go. I was wondering if you might go with me."

There had been no good, valid reason, Grace remembered guiltily now, why she couldn't have gone. It was just one of those days when she hadn't cared about it.

"I'm sorry," she had told Janis. "I just can't." She hadn't given an excuse. The fact was that she had not had one.

"But I have a baby-sitter here!" Janis had been very insistent; her voice almost excited. Evidently she would have to pay the sitter anyway. Or else with her three children, a baby-sitter and an outing had made an occasion for her that she didn't want to miss.

GRACE had taken a moment longer. "I'm really very sorry," she had said then. "Please call me, though, another time."

Janis had not called her another time. Very often Grace would be out front as Janis walked by with one or more of the children. But though she always smiled and spoke, she did not stop and chat.

This incident and several of less importance kept rising up to trouble Grace all through that night. She had not meant to be unfriendly. When Janis' new baby came, Grace was always going to run down. But somehow she hadn't. Now, this late summer of 1956, the baby was walking.

"I'll rather miss the Normans," Grace told Tom that next morning at breakfast. "The children were nice. Sometimes I wished Janis would let their hair grow. I couldn't tell if they were boys or girls. I didn't much like that big old gray dog of theirs, though he never gave us any trouble."

The Normans were still on her mind along about eleven-thirty that morning. Grace had been to the grocery store. As she drove their new shiny car into their driveway, Janis Norman, a hand holding each of the two smaller children, was passing.

Grace jumped out of the car, banged the door, and with some alacrity hurried out to the street.

"Oh, Mrs. Norman!" Grace cried in her most friendly, charming manner. For the instant she could not recall the girl's first name. "I hear you're moving to California. And here I've never gotten acquainted with you yet."

"No." Janis Norman showed even white teeth, but Grace could not have called it a very friendly smile.

Still Grace persisted. She was truly sorry about it. She supposed it was her fault. "Where to in California?" she asked, wanting to prolong the conversation.

"Oakland," Janis Norman said.

"How nice!" Grace said, smiling, Funny, she didn't feel at all shy now. Could it be her laziness in getting acquainted had been just complacency, because she and Tom were so happy with their new home, their life, and their old friends?

"I have two sisters who live out of San Francisco," she persisted now. "It's lovely and sunny in Oakland, I believe."

"We've bought a big old house," Janis Norman said. "I'm trying to decide how to decorate it. I was just next door," she went on. "Mrs. Moore invited me to see how she has redecorated hers."

Though Grace thought Janis Norman might get some ideas from her own place, too, she didn't feel she could ask her to come in now and see hers. They spoke a moment longer and Grace wished them well. Then Janis Norman and the two children moved on down the street.

THE feeling of regret to see her neighbors move away, stayed with Grace. And it was tinged more than ever now with a feeling of conscience. How could she have lived so close to the Normans, and she without any children at home, and never have become acquainted with them?

The next day was Wednesday. The weather had turned abruptly cool, though of course it was the last of August. Along about noon Grace took a cushion and a book and sat down on the front step to get the sun. But before she started to read, her eyes wandered down the street.

A little shock went through her. In the driveway of the Normans' was a big moving van.

The van was a dingy gray, and shabbier than most vans she had seen. The double doors were open on this side. "F . . . I . . . ." Grace tried to read the name blazoned across the side in red paint, but a tree blocked her effort—as she had blocked Janis Norman's efforts to be friendly?

Guilt and regret tugged at her again. Her thoughts went back to yesterday's conversation with Janis. Janis had said that they were leaving today. Yet, even that had not registered on Grace's mind! How could she be so negligent, so careless! How could she put off things the way she did! She had lost an opportunity that could never be recalled.

On impulse, Grace jumped up and hurried down the street. Skirting the big van and crowding between a tow car and a smaller car at the curb, she went up the walk, rang the doorbell.

Janis Norman came to the door.

"It's I," Grace said humbly. "I saw the van. I didn't really think you were leaving so soon. So soon," she echoed bleakly.

"I told you yesterday," Janis said, again with the even, white, rather forced smile.

"I know. I don't know where my mind is," Grace said contritely. "I hate so to see you go. I was wondering if all of you couldn't come up for lunch?"

"Janis, Jan!" Mr. Norman's voice came from the rear of the house. "We're all ready. Come get the baby!"

"I'm sorry," Janis said. "We're just leaving."

They were going to stop downtown, Grace knew, or along the way.

"I'm sorry, too," Grace said. Tears were in her throat.

As she went back up the walk she knew somehow that she would always be sorry. It was something she would never forget. An opportunity lost to be friendly. A chance that would never come again.

IT was two weeks later when she looked out her kitchen window and saw a new, shiny green and blue van at the third house down. She was honestly and truly busy that morning. She had helped Tom with some letters before he left for work. She was going to a luncheon at twelve. She wanted to put a couple of batches of clothes in her washer and get them on the line, and she couldn't think of going away without the beds made, the house in order.

"I'm going down the street," she called out to Tom, who himself was

just leaving the house. "Our new neighbors are moving in. I want to get acquainted with them, see if there's anything I can do." If it looked as if they needed help, the housework, she decided, would have to go.

As she hurried along, the shyness she had always used as an excuse was not bothering her at all. Perhaps, she admitted honestly, it had never been anything but a shield, an excuse for being self-complacent, for laziness.

She skirted the big van, went up the walk. Even so, she decided, it was, perhaps never easy for anyone to make these first friendly advances. But they were necessary. They were what made life worth living. And when they weren't made, there was always the feeling left behind, as it was with her about the Normans, of regret, of something missed, like a shadow across the sun.

Grace pressed her finger to the doorbell of her new neighbors. This time, at least, the shadow would not be of her making.

The Old-Fashioned Clock

Vernessa M. Nagle

HOW soothing can be the steady "tick-tock" of an old-fashioned clock. The regular repetition with which fragments of time are checked off can soothe frazzled nerves and afford a feeling of security. To the accompaniment of time's audible metering, memories can be stirred, silent prayers offered, and new resolves made. These brief moments of reflection daily can bring solace for disappointments, provide an opportunity for appraisal of values, or afford time to snatch a brief answer to the eternal question, "Whither?"

Try stopping in the middle of a task, listening to the sound of fragments of time recorded—not with an attitude of relinquishment, but with a feeling of well being. The next task will be welcomed with greater optimism.

Singing Moments

Mabel Jones Gabbott

There are moments when the heart must sing;
When lilac-laden breezes whisper spring,
And husbands pause to press a stolen kiss.
The heart goes spiraling in grateful bliss;

Or when your three-year-old as twilight ends,
Whispers softly, "Mommy, we are friends,"
And kneels to bless you in his simple prayers,
Then raptures choke your speaking unawares.
Or after darkened hours when the mind,
Hopeless, hurt, bewildered, turns to find
Faith reborne on fleet yet fervent wing—
Oh, these are moments when the heart must sing.

Bright Barrier of the Plains

Nell Murbarger

EVEN the briskly trotting work team seemed to sense the big glory of the morning. If the air of the High Plains country still carried a little of winter's bite, and a few small patches of snow still lingered in the deeper coulees, it did not matter, since everything else told of spring's arrival! Our own hearts told us of that miracle: the new blades of grass appearing in the draws, the meadow larks newly returned from the south, the bold, bright blueness of the sky . . . all these things bore witness to winter's end.

Standing proudly upright in the wagon box behind Father and Mother, my small, mitten-clad hands clutching the back of the spring seat for support, I looked about at my world.

It was a big world — a terribly big world! — and, judged by some standards, I suppose, it might have seemed an empty world. As far as my eyes could range in any direction, was neither fence nor field, neither tree nor trail, and, with our own homestead shanty now hidden behind the shoulder of the hill, there was not even one house anywhere to be seen.

In all this wide world, spreading away from our moving horses and wagon, there existed only blue sky and sunshine, and springtime, and gently rolling hills and swales matted over by the cured grass of the previous summer . . . grass that never had felt the bite of a plowshare, and only now was beginning to know the crunch of steel wagon tires.

It would not always be so, Father was saying. He was pointing out the location of the section line that bounded our homestead on the south and east sides — a line still indistinguishable from a million other acres of virgin prairie. He was telling Mother that along that line eventually would run a smooth, hard-surfaced road over which we might haul to market our grain and produce.

Grain and produce. . . . Those were wonderful words to my young ears! Almost as wonderful as the sounds issuing from the rear of the wagon box, where sledge and hammer and axe and post auger were rattling and bouncing together in a merry, mad rhythm, and even that mad rhythm was a poor match for the exultant rhythm in our hearts!

On this day — after fourteen months of planning and disillusionment, and waiting and striving and planning again — we were actually to begin work on The Fence . . . the fence that would set our lands apart, and, for the first time, would bring to our homestead acres a promise of security and the joy of harvest!

Thus far, in our homesteading experience, neither security nor harvest had been ours.

With the passing of the buffalo, the Great Plains had become an empire for cattlemen whose droves of white-faced Herefords swarmed over the open range, un-

restrained by boundary, unrestrained by law. When Father and Mother and I had emigrated west to file claim on 160 acres of land, cattle still had held the right-of-way, and the "nester" who dared trespass on their domain might as well accept the fact that neither peace nor crops could be his until his acres were bound about by the bright, singing barrier of barbed wire.

But our first summer on the homestead had found a great many tasks to be done, and pitifully little time in which to do them. With building our claim shanty, digging a well, contriving a weather-tight shed for our animals and chickens, and cutting prairie hay and juniper wood for winter, there had been no time available for constructing two miles of fence.

Lacking any previous experience with range cattle, Father and Mother had been hopelessly optimistic. Even without a fence, they had supposed, we should be able to raise at least a few "kitchen vegetables"; but it soon became obvious there would be no chance to raise either blade or root.

Despite all our efforts to guard against the nightly pillaging of the cattle, we had seen our thriving field of emerald green sod-corn laid to waste by their devastating greed. We had seen our young Hubbard squashes trodden to pulp under their hooves. Even Mother's brave clump of petunias and marigolds by the kitchen door, and the box elder whip Father had planted so hopefully, had met the same discouraging end.

I was only a little shaver, but I'll never forget the look that passed over Mother's face the morning she stepped out the door and saw her little flower bed had been completely destroyed during the night. She had been using every drop of her kitchen waste water to keep the plants alive and blooming, and had seemed to draw a great store of strength and comfort from the bright flowers. And now, they were trampled into the earth as though they had never existed.

"Just wait!" Father had said, reassuringly. "Things will be different, next year!"

Nodding dully, Mother had mumbled something about it being of no importance . . . but I still remember the tired, beaten look in her eyes as she turned back into the shanty.

SUMMER is brief in the Great Plains country, and almost before we had realized what was happening, September had sent snow whirling across the land.

Throughout the long winter, the gaunt range cattle had milled and bawled around our tar-papered claim shack, seeking to gain whatever protection they might from the icy blizzards. Whenever we had stepped out the door, they had circled away warily, pivoting to stare at us from their wild, hollow eyes. It had been impossible not to pity their desperate hunger — even as we had resented their presence on our land — but our meager store of hay had been barely enough to carry our own animals through the long, cold months.

All that winter we had talked about The Fence. Some of our neighboring homesteaders — either

less resourceful or more affluent than we — were planning to fence their claims with split cedar posts imported from the State of Washington. Our posts, however, were to be made from pine saplings cut by Father the previous autumn and hauled from the "cedar breaks," twenty miles away. During the winter evenings we had peeled the bark and scraped each post until it had shone with the white smoothness of ivory; and always, as we worked, we had made plans for the time when we might incorporate those posts into a cattle-tight barrier.

At last had come spring; and as soon as the snow was well enough gone that he could find our corner monuments, Father had begun surveying our boundary, sighting from each corner marker to signal flags raised on opposite corners. Stakes had been driven along this line and posts had been strung.

WHEN the first week of April showed the ground to be free of frost, we had known that our long-awaited fence might, at last, be started.

Despite their lack of experience with range cattle, Father and Mother had come from long lines of eastern farm folk and were thoroughly conversant with this business of fence building. As for myself, I was strictly inexperienced labor. I had been in the world but a very short while, and in that period had never built a fence, assisted in building a fence, nor even watched a fence being built. As a matter of fact, I had scarcely seen a fence in all my short life; so about all that could be expected of me was that I would stay out of the way at least half the time, would carry the tools and lead the horses forward from one post hole to the next; and, meanwhile, would make a reasonable effort to remain unpunctured by cactuses and unbitten by rattlesnakes.

This inexperience, however, did not prevent my being terrifically interested in the operation, and every phase of development found me a fascinated spectator.

When a hole had been reamed to sufficient depth with the auger, Father would insert the larger end of a post, settling it in place with a few strong blows of the sledge. Mother, using the butt end of the hammer handle, would then tamp the loose earth solidly about the post until the hole was filled and rounded. Meanwhile, Father would have begun digging a new hole, two rods beyond.

At noon we sat in the shelter of the wagon and ate a cold lunch of bacon sandwiches and boiled eggs, and not until sundown did we turn homeward. By that time, we were hungry and muscle-sore, and very tired, but posts had been set for the first half mile of fence. Father said it had been a good day's work.

Next morning, the barbed wire was strung — the heavy spool being threaded on an iron bar laid across the wagon box. As the horses were driven along the fence line, the spool revolved and the wire played out smoothly behind. Upon reaching the farther end of our half-mile boundary, one end of the wire was attached to the wagon wheel, the other end first having been fastened to a well-anchored corner post.

As the horses strained forward, the wire grew steadily tighter until Father judged it sufficiently well "stretched." Setting the brake, so the wagon could not settle back, he and Mother then started stapling the wire to the proper height on the posts.

Ten days later, with two miles of fencing completed, our homestead, for the first time, assumed a definite identity. Before, it had been only 160 acres of prairie sod, lost in the midst of a prairie-sod world, and cryptically designated in records of the Land Office, "NW¼ S. 27, Twp. 7, R. 6 E."

Now, however, we could see the actual extent of it! All the land encompassed by these three tight, singing wires — all these rolling hills, that rocky butte where the lupines grew tallest, those green draws and fertile slopes — all this was our homestead. Our home, our empire, our world, our universe!

The curlews and prairie chickens were free to fly over this fence and to light upon our land. The meadow larks and buntings could nest in our fields if they chose; and the jackrabbits and coyotes might pass through the fence and pursue their age-old ways. With all these we would share gladly our little square of prairie. But never again would we need share with the ravaging hordes of range cattle!

Our security from fear, our freedom from want, had come not in legislation nor in proclamation, but in the bright barrier of barbed wire.

The Old Tin Trunk

Grace W. Ball

IT was moving day. The accumulation of twenty years was being sorted—some items to be packed for shipping, some to be sent to the Deseret Industries, and much to the trash heap.

The basement held the most formidable array of things that had been saved to the last. Toys, books, and fruit bottles could not all be taken. Only books would be sent, which could not be replaced. One big trunk that held Hawaiian missionary relics would be sent intact.

My eye caught the old tin trunk. That was a problem, a sentimental one, too. It had belonged to my grandmother. After her death, it had fallen into mother's hands, and now I was heir to it.

For years, when I was a girl, it was brought out of its resting place every spring and fall for airing and cleaning. The contents were most fascinating. There was the red plush family album, with pictures dating back to the old country, the stern faces of our ancestors, the women with severe hair-dos, and dark men with foreboding mustaches. There was an account book kept by my grandmother when she ran a store, soon after arriving in the valley in 1860; baby clothes that had belonged to my mother; and, added to these relics, were

treasures of mine and my children. The former things had outlived any sentiment for any but me, and the top of the trunk was rent and bent. The bottom was worn through with rust, and I knew it wouldn't stand the long trip to California. What to do with it was something to ponder.

The relics were finally stored in a stout box and labeled. I set the trunk to one side, still thinking of its disposal. The time was going by fast, and my husband had warned me about taking anything superfluous. Surely, the trunk was just that. Silly to be so sentimental.

Many times the stories had been recounted about my grandmother's trip across the plains. I could see her as a young girl of seventeen pushing a handcart all the way, with her belongings in the tin trunk.

Grandmother had been a small person, with shining brown eyes filled with love and compassion for everyone and everything. She was the idol of her large posterity. Her lovely, well-kept home was a sanctuary for all who entered it. Everything about her was famous to all of us. Her currant biscuits, flowers, and genuine hospitality were known throughout the State. The hardships she had borne rested lightly on her shoulders, as her great faith carried her on to higher achievements.

We loved to hear her tell of her trip across the plains with its dangers and privations. Now the trunk was one of the last links with that great migration. However, it was useless now and could do no good to anyone, as I thought. I breathed a little prayer of gratitude for her life and the heritage she had left us, and then decided on the garbage man as holding the fate of the trunk.

The curb was piled high with refuse. I carried the trunk out and put it beside the other items. I was still disturbed about leaving it. The garbage truck was almost full when it arrived at our place, so the man was only able to take about half of the things. The trunk went with the first load. I felt a little easier after it left and decided to forget it and lock my storehouse of memories for the time being.

A half hour after the departure of the garbage truck the phone rang. It was my aunt from out in the country, my grandmother's oldest living daughter. I had forgotten that she might be interested in the trunk. "Whatever you do," she said, "don't dispose of the old tin trunk. . . . You know that trunk is over one hundred years old, was purchased in London, and carried all of mother's belongings as she pushed it across the plains."

My heart sank. I stammered out, almost incoherently, the details of the disposal. I assured her that I would do everything to get it back. "It belongs in the museum," she said. Of course it did, why hadn't I thought of that?

Fortunately, the garbage man returned for the second load. I rushed out when he came back and told him of my plight. He told me that he had thought it an unusual old piece and had put it to one side and would bring it back to me. I paid him for his trouble, and the trunk was returned to repose in the museum as its rightful place of abode.

The Bright Star

Chapter 3

Dorothy S. Romney

Synopsis: Kathy Tracy, an orphan, who wishes to become an artist, lives with her Aunt Emerald Jewel Tracy in an old-fashioned house overlooking San Francisco Bay. In order to help with household expenses, Kathy has applied to a neighbor, Phineas Fenton, who owns a shipping line, for employment, and is promised a position in his San Francisco office building. In the meantime, however, Aunt Emerald has a partial stroke, and Kathy gives up the position she has been promised. Jim Parker, in love with Kathy, suggests an immediate marriage, but Kathy declines. During Aunt Em's illness she mentions, incoherently, something about money in a Chinese chest which they keep in Grandfather Tracy's China house.

KATHY walked up the steep hill toward the Fenton mansion. The wind blew chill through the lightweight sweater she had hurriedly put on. The Fentons would be inside in front of the fire on this cold evening.

She rang the bell timidly, and was told by Tina, the maid, to go into the library. Old Phineas was dozing in front of an open fire, his pink-skinned cheeks lax. Kathy sat stiffly on the edge of the chair and waited. Suddenly the old man sat up straight and blinked his hard, blue eyes until he was awake. He looked at her with the round-eyed stare of an infant.

"Hmm," he barked, "what do you want?"

"I don't want anything," Kathy replied. "I came to tell you I won't be able to accept that job you offered me yesterday."

"Job! Job! What job?"

"Why, the job you promised me in one of your office buildings in San Francisco," she explained.

"Oh," the old man grunted, and Kathy had a feeling his memory wasn't as spry as he pretended it to be — that for all his past brilliant career and present riches, he was sinking down into a vague, unremembering, selfish childishness.

He scrutinized her closely. Kathy sat quietly and waited. Finally he spoke. "Now where did Old Em get a pretty girl like you? Did a good job when she picked you up."

"I'm her brother's daughter," Kathy explained patiently. "He died before my mother did. She died when I was born."

Old Phin threw his head back against the red leather of his easy chair and roared. "A likely story. Jon Tracy never had but one chick or child, and that one was Miss Emerald Jewel Tracy herself."

Behind her, Kathy heard the soft voice of Grace Fenton. "Why, Father, what are you saying? Don't pay any attention to him," she whispered to the girl. "He's getting so old he doesn't remember things rightly."

I was right, he is forgetful, and I'll take Grace's advice and not pay any attention, Kathy told herself firmly. She said her goodbyes and started for the front door.

As she walked down the path, Old Phineas' words ran through her

mind again. "She did a good job when she picked you up." Just as though Aunt Em had walked up to a batch of new kittens and taken the pick of the basket.

Kathy was inclined to dismiss the whole thing, but still, this might explain many past incidents. Why Miss Em—Aunt Em, had always been evasive when Kathy asked to see pictures of her parents, or mementoes of the past. "Please, Kathy, not now," had been her unchanging answer.

KATHY searched the memories of her early childhood. No, there had never been anyone but Aunt Em who cared for her. Tears stung her eyes. She was remembering the countless number of times Aunt Em had sewed through the night so that she, Kathy, might have some luxury their meager budget couldn't afford. And her graduation dress! The most beautiful dress in the high school class. She remembered how one of Jon Tracy's precious chests disappeared a short time before Aunt Em bought the frosty, delicate lace that had taken days to make into the exquisite dress, explaining "A Tracy must have the best."

And now! Was it really possible that she wasn't a Tracy at all, but a waif Aunt Em had picked up some place? The house was dark, and Kathy felt cold fear rushing at her. Where was Marta, the nurse Dr. Ransome had sent in to care for Aunt Em? She opened the door and went into the kitchen.

"I'm glad your're back," Marta whispered, so close to Kathy's ear it startled her. "I didn't turn on a light. We've had a prowler. He was poking around the China house."

"Nonsense," said Kathy, and immediately flooded the kitchen with light. "If it will make you feel any better, though, I'll take Grandfather Tracy's sea glasses and have a look around. It may not be too dark."

She took a flashlight and the glasses from the cupboard, and started up the stairs to the eight-sided cupola at the tip-top of the gray house. Night had spread its velvet mantle, but there was a full moon rising. Kathy directed her search toward the China house. There was no one there, she made sure of that, and was about to return to the kitchen when she saw a black object moving up Pine Road. She trained her glasses on it. It was a small coupe.

It was then that Kathy remembered she'd left one of the chests in the China house unlocked when she'd gone down to search for the "bright star" yesterday to please Aunt Em. It had never before occurred to her that someone might be interested in the store of souvenirs and trinkets that Jon Tracy had brought from almost every foreign land during his years of piloting one of Phineas' freighters. She decided to check tomorrow and see if anything had been disturbed.

* * * * *

THE September sun flashed gold-red lights from Kathy's lovely hair as her head nodded to the rhythm of the hoe. She had neglected the garden shamefully during the last few tension-filled weeks since Aunt Em had become ill.

Besides, working in the fresh air might clear her mind and perhaps she could think of a plan whereby she might stay home and take care of Aunt Em, and earn a living at the same time. Marta was due to leave in a week's time. Her own family needed her for a while.

She shivered slightly as a gust of wind blew around the corner of the China House, then she started hoeing faster. She'd be warm soon enough if she worked as fast as she should to rid the garden of its accumulation of weeds. She heard the drone of a motor up the slope, and hoped it wasn't Jim — the garden needed weeding so desperately. She worked on, then stopped and looked up when she heard footsteps just beyond the berry patch at the end of the cabin platform.

She saw the tall figure of a man peering in the window of the China house.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded. "You're probably that prowler Marta saw last night?"

"Probably," he agreed, turning around.

Kathy was startled to see how pale and thin his face was. His eyes were shaded with a pair of dark glasses.

"I had decided the place was uninhabited, and I could move right in, as there were no lights anywhere last night. However," he said, "I'm willing to pay rent."

"To pay rent on what?" Kathy challenged.

He laughed briefly. "On this contraption," he said, indicating the China house. "It's exactly the spot I need to recuperate from an illness, and I need it right away."

Kathy's heart softened at the mention of his illness, but his request was out of the question. "I'm sorry," she said, "but it would be impossible for us to rent you the China house." She picked up her hoe and started working again.

"The China house, is it?" he pondered. "And just why isn't it for rent? I'm prepared to pay far more than it is worth."

Kathy was beginning to be annoyed at his persistence. "Because it's sort of a shrine," she explained. "My grandfather built it . . . it was his favorite spot, and he stored all of his treasures—relics in it." What a difficult man, she thought, then could have bitten off her tongue when she blurted out: "And don't you go bothering Aunt Em, she is far too ill."

APPARENTLY the information that Kathy was not the person in charge around here was exactly what he was looking for. He turned and made straight for the house, with Kathy trailing along after him as fast as she could.

She was right on his heels, protesting, when he rapped on the screen door of the kitchen. Marta, washing dishes at the sink, turned, startled. "You look like the prowler last night," she spoke impulsively.

"I apologize for that," he said, coming unbidden into the kitchen. "All I wanted was to look in the cabin. I want to rent the cabin down by the water. You'd think I was a highway robber the way this young lady has been treating me." He laughed briefly.

Marta dried her hands. "You

may as well go in," she said, nodding towards Miss Em's room. "She couldn't have helped but hear, and the cabin belongs to Miss Em."

The three of them trooped into Miss Em's room, and Kathy explained the offer to her aunt. When she was through, she was astonished to see Aunt Em indicate that she'd take the offer.

As Kathy accepted the money for the rent, she gritted her teeth hard and felt the hot tears stinging her eyelids. Oh, she thought, surely life is hard enough right now without having a stranger under one's very nose for goodness knows how long! Besides having to give up our China house!

"At least," said Kathy to Miss Em, after Marta had ushered their new tenant, Marc Hale, out, "it'll pay Marta's wages," and she noted that Miss Em looked grimly satisfied. She leaned over and impulsively kissed her aunt's cheek. "I'm going back to the garden," she said.

(To be continued)

May's Promise

Catherine E. Berry

The chugging tractor crawls across the field,
And leaves brown ribbons lying in straight lines,
For as the earth is turned, so shall it yield,
When growth fills these symmetrical designs.
A faith as old as man is breathing here,
May's promise of new life is shining bright,
The spring has come again with this new year,
And seeds will root and grow through day and night.

The wonder of this month, the magic found,
Renews the heart as busy hands drop seeds,
The knowledge of the harvest from this ground
Sustains the mind, gives answer to our needs.
Man turns the earth and plants the fragrant sod,
Holding within his heart his faith in God.

In Compensation

Eleanor W. Schow

No day ever brought a trial
When sorrow or pain befell,
But before its end some tender friend
Brought balm to my heart as well.

Then sustained by her cup of kindness
And the healing rays of her smile,
With my grief subdued and my faith renewed
My day was again worthwhile.

Mary C. Hendry, Artist in Handicraft

MARY C. Hendry, Salt Lake City, Utah, loves beauty in all its forms. She writes descriptive poetry with a discriminating selection of words and phrases; she has made an illustrated scrapbook for each of her great-grandchildren. She has shared her spiritual insight and her many blessings with her large family and her neighbors, living daily her motto: "Love your Heavenly Father, love your neighbors, develop a sense of humor, and keep busy."

Her handicraft hobbies have brought much pleasure to Sister Hendry and have beautified the homes of hundreds who have received her handmade articles as gifts. She makes crocheted doilies of many intricate patterns, designs and makes appliqued tablecloths, pieces quilts in original patterns, and makes lovely gifts of "odds and ends" of materials.

On July 6, 1957, Mary Hendry will be one hundred years old. She is mother of eight children, grandmother of twenty, great-grandmother of forty-six, and great-great-grandmother of one. Her long life has been devoted to family, friends, and to her Church—a century of loving service.

Triumph

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

It's not the prize I won that set me flying
My little banner starred with joy and pride;
But this: I struggled through the body's crying
And did not heed the ache to turn aside.

Magazine Subscriptions for 1956

Counselor Marianne C. Sharp

THE callings of stake and ward, mission and branch *Relief Society Magazine* representatives, if faithfully performed, have far-reaching results. Not only do they render service to Relief Society today through bringing the spirit of Relief Society into Latter-day Saint homes within the stakes of the Church and in the far distant lands of the earth, but their work will not be forgotten in the years ahead.

By commandment of the Lord, the Latter-day Saints are a record-keeping people. So, today, we turn to the pages of the *Woman's Exponent* to read of the record of Relief Society from 1872 to 1914, as it was reported from societies in that day. And for the enlightenment of those sisters, we find our early great Relief Society leaders sharing their experiences of Nauvoo in the pages of the *Woman's Exponent*. These precious papers give us understanding and appreciation of Relief Society's work of earlier years. Had sisters of that day not acted as agents for the *Woman's Exponent*, these copies would not be found today.

In this day *The Relief Society Magazine* is presenting and preserv- Relief Society history. To the *Magazine* representatives throughout the world, the general board expresses its heartfelt thanks for their love of Relief Society which urges them to fulfill their callings so nobly. Year by year, as the blessings of Relief Society are extended to a greater membership of Latter-day Saint women, *The Relief Society Magazine* likewise enters new portals to bring inspiring and refining influences to an enlarged circle of sisters.

The increase in number of subscriptions in 1956 is the largest recorded — 10,465 — the subscriptions as of December 31, 1956 were 148,562 and the number in December 31, 1955 was 138,097. When one considers the zeal and effort sometimes expended in securing one subscription, one may realize even though dimly, the great amount of work and the devotion which this great number of subscriptions represents. One year's award subscription which is given to each *Magazine* representative whose subscriptions equal seventy-five per cent of the respective enrolled Relief Society membership, is but a small token of regard.

The reward to *Magazine* representatives is in the blessings which each one receives for having accepted the calling and faithfully performed it, and these blessings are not confined to our life here. Recently a mission Relief Society president said that she considered *The Relief Society Magazine* one of the best proselyting mediums in the mission over which her husband presides.

For the tenth year, South Los Angeles Stake leads the stakes of the Church with 253 per cent. They have 1143 enrolled Relief Society members and 2896 subscriptions.

South Gate Ward of that stake reached 481 per cent, with eighty-five members and 409 subscriptions.

In 1956 there are 222 stakes on the honor roll and 1949 wards. This compares very favorably with the 1955 report which had 204 stakes on the honor roll and 1739 wards and branches in stakes. Twenty-six stakes in 1956 had every one of their wards over one hundred per cent, which is seven less than last year.

Fifteen missions are on the honor roll in 1956, an increase of one over the previous year, and 642 branches, whereas there were only 486 mission branches on the honor roll in 1955. The missions are to be commended for this excellent increase.

As each *Magazine* representative goes about her calling, her interest is centered — and rightly so — upon her particular ward or branch. The stake and mission *Magazine* representatives are concerned with larger geographic-ecclesiastical units, but the real significance of the work of the Magazine representative is approximated only when the statistics for the entire Church are studied. Then the light of the service of each faithful, devoted individual *Magazine* representative joined with the lights of hundreds of her sister *Magazine* representatives bursts into a great flame of service.

It is the hope of the general board that the words of instruction and encouragement in *The Relief Society Magazine* may be as a lamp to help guide the sisters who read and follow the teachings of their beloved Relief Society. Then will the *Magazine* representatives feel their labors have indeed borne fruit.

Honors for Highest Ratings

Stake

South Los Angeles (California) 253%
Magazine Representative—Edna C. Stoutsenberger

Ward

South Gate Ward, South Los Angeles Stake (California) 481%
Magazine Representative—Eva Guynn

Branch

Eloy Branch, Mesa Stake (Arizona) 280%
Magazine Representative—Flora Johnson

Mission

California Mission—103%
Mission Relief Society President—Alta H. Taylor

Mission District

South Texas District, Gulf States Mission—130%
Magazine Representative—(None given)

Mission Branch

Franklin Branch—250%
West Virginia North District, East Central States Mission
Magazine Representative—Maycel W. Sponaugle

Ten Highest Percentages in Stakes

South Los Angeles	253	Edna C. Stoutsenberger
Glendale	162	Elsie Weber
Provo	150	Flora Buggert
Oquirrh	146	Helen D. Jensen
Rexburg	138	Martha J. Erickson
San Joaquin	134	Leona B. Hansen
Burley	133	Ione Church
Santa Monica	132	Kathleen Savage
Burbank	126	Edith McKenny
Covina	126	Helen G. Baxter

Missions Achieving Ten Highest Percentages

California	103	Alta H. Taylor
Central States	103	Mae E. J. Dyer
Western States	103	Mildred P. Elggren
Gulf States	100	Phyllis D. Smith
Northern California	97	Hazel S. Love
West Central States	95	Marteal W. Hendricks
Eastern States	94	Florence S. Jacobsen
Canadian	89	Leah H. Lewis
Northern States	88	Nettie P. Smoot
North Central States	88	Dora H. England

Ten Stakes With Highest Number of Subscriptions

	No. Subscriptions		No. Subscriptions
South Los Angeles	2896	East Jordan	917
Glendale	1058	Sugar House	911
San Diego	999	West Pocatello	908
South Salt Lake	949	Big Horn	899
Ensign	936	East Los Angeles	894

Ten Missions With Highest Number of Subscriptions

	No. Subscriptions		No. Subscriptions
West Central States	1438	Central Atlantic States	905
Southern States	1174	Western States	785
Central States	1061	Northwestern States	747
Great Lakes	1005	Northern States	724
Eastern States	985	California	661

Stakes in Which All the Wards Achieved 100% or Over

Bonneville	Ruth Peterson	Liberty	Katherine H. McOmie
Burbank	Edith McKenny	Malad	Elizabeth B. Facer
Burley	Ione Church	Oquirrh	Helen D. Jensen
Cottonwood	Mabel R. Baker	Pasadena	Vera Jean N. Jones
Covina	Helen G. Baxter	Pocatello	Esther H. Hanks
East Long Beach	Margaret Bryan	Provo	Flora Buggert
East Los Angeles	Orlene N. White	Rexburg	Martha J. Erickson
East Mill Creek	Barbara L. Beesley	St. Joseph	Nira P. Lee
East Sharon	Edna M. Hansen	Santa Monica	Kathleen Savage
Glendale	Elsie Weber	Shelley	Merle Young
Holladay	Audrie M. Kennington	South Los Angeles	Edna C. Stoutsenberger
Idaho Falls	Josie N. Scoresby	West Pocatello	Iona G. Slayden
Inglewood	Janet C. Medina	Wilford	Lois Jensen
Las Vegas	Lila H. Leavitt		

Mission Percentages on Honor Roll

California	103	West Central States	95	Northwestern States	86
Central States	103	Eastern States	94	Great Lakes	85
Western States	103	Canadian	89	Southern States	83
Gulf States	100	North Central States	88	Western Canadian	80
Northern California	97	Northern States	88	New England	79

Stakes by Percentages

South Los Angeles	253	Nyssa	110	North Tooele	104
Glendale	162	East Sharon	109	Hayward	104
Provo	150	Blackfoot	109	Pasadena	104
Aquirrh	146	Pocatello	109	Bear River	104
Lexburg	138	South Box Elder	109	North Idaho Falls	104
San Joaquin	134	Humboldt	109	Kansas City	104
Burley	133	South Idaho Falls	109	Emigration	104
Santa Monica	132	South Ogden	109	East Millcreek	103
Burbank	126	Reseda	109	Grand Junction	102
Covina	126	West Pocatello	109	East Mesa	102
Shelley	123	San Jose	108	Phoenix	102
Long Beach	121	South Salt Lake	108	Uintah	102
Inglewood	120	Calgary	108	Mesa	102
Idaho Falls	120	Mt. Graham	108	Wells	102
New York	119	Bountiful	108	East Provo	102
Gridley	119	Moapa	108	American Falls	101
East Long Beach	117	Portland	108	San Juan	101
San Francisco	117	Weiser	108	Sevier	101
Hinidoka	117	Granite	107	Mt. Rubidoux	101
San Diego	116	Los Angeles	106	Grant	101
Las Vegas	114	Portneuf	106	Rose Park	101
Orange County	114	Sacramento	106	North Rexburg	101
Holladay	114	Sugar House	106	Benson	101
Bonneville	113	Boise	106	Salt Lake	101
Valley View	113	Malad	106	San Fernando	101
North Jordan	112	Wilford	106	Wasatch	101
Monument Park	112	St. Joseph	106	East Phoenix	100
Maricopa	111	North Davis	105	Denver	100
Cottonwood	111	Spanish Fork	105	Twin Falls	100
Union	111	Yellowstone	105	Butte	100
Bakersfield	110	Ogden	105	Riverside	100
San Bernardino	110	West Utah	105	Millcreek	100
Liberty	110	East Los Angeles	104	Nampa	100

South Bear River	99	Deseret	90	South Davis	83
Big Horn	99	Franklin	90	San Luis	83
Taylor	99	Palo Alto	90	Spokane	83
East Rigby	99	Weber	90	Alpine	83
Lake Mead	99	Alberta	89	Montpelier	83
Chicago	99	St. George	89	Salmon River	83
Highland	98	Columbia River	89	North Carbon	82
Rigby	98	Houston	89	Sharon	82
Seattle	98	Flagstaff	89	North Sanpete	82
West Boise	98	Lethbridge	89	New Orleans	82
Park	98	Lost River	88	Millard	82
Zion Park	98	Cache	88	Canyon Rim	81
Palmyra	97	Parowan	87	Springville	81
Teton	97	Cedar	87	Temple View	81
East Jordan	97	South Carolina	87	Roosevelt	81
Redondo	97	Bear Lake	87	Mt. Ogden	81
Tacoma	97	Oakland-Berkeley	87	Panguitch	81
Southern Arizona	97	West Jordan	87	Cannon	80
Ensign	97	Oneida	86	Riverdale	80
North Box Elder	97	Lake View	86	Lehi	80
St. Johns	96	Ben Lomond	86	Richland	78
North Pocatello	96	Detroit	86	Farr West	78
Taylorsville	96	Florida	86	Santa Rosa	78
Reno	96	Grantsville	86	Summit	77
Grand Coulee	96	Pioneer	86	Santaquin-Tintic	77
Timpanogos	96	Dallas	86	Juarez	76
Star Valley	96	Davis	86	University	76
Utah	96	North Sevier	86	Logan	76
Cassia	95	Garfield	85	Snowflake	76
El Paso	95	Lorin Farr	85	South Sevier	75
North Sacramento	95	East Cache	85	Honolulu	74
Mt. Jordan	94	Nevada	85	South Sanpete	74
Kolob	94	Uvada	85	Layton	74
Washington	94	Juab	85	Hyrum	73
South Blackfoot	94	North Weber	85	Santa Barbara	72
Bannock	94	Emery	85	Hillside	72
Tooele	93	Walnut Creek	85	Morgan	71
Woodruff	93	University	85	Willamette	70
South Summit	93	Beaver	85	Gunnison	67
Kanab	92	Orem	85	Klamath	66
Young	92	Blaine	84	Lyman	66
East Ogden	92	Mt. Logan	84	Moon Lake	64
Murray	92	Smithfield	84	Moroni	56
Idaho	91	Wayne	83	Oahu	54
Nebo	91	Carbon	83	Brigham Young University [Limited Participation]	
Raft River	91	Fresno	83		
Duchesne	90	Gooding	83		

STAKES ON HONOR ROLL—1956

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Alberta	650	581	89	Ethel C. Pitcher
Alpine	952	786	83	Della M. Spafford
American Falls	338	343	101	Enid W. Thornton
Bakersfield	440	486	110	Virginia C. Hodson
Bannock	376	352	94	Ida Sorensen
Bear Lake	526	457	87	Millie Sprouse
Bear River	495	515	104	Lottie R. Potter
Beaver	505	427	85	Beulah Wood
Ben Lomond	466	401	86	Elnora S. Empey
Benson	587	592	101	Ruth J. White
Big Horn	905	899	99	Pearl Asay
Blackfoot	540	590	109	Carol G. Williams
Blaine	289	244	84	Hazel Perron
Boise	472	500	106	Della Means
Bonneville	734	832	113	Ruth Peterson
Bountiful	750	807	108	Eunice H. Van Orden
Burbank	552	697	126	Edith McKenny
Burley	608	808	133	Ione Church
Butte	364	364	100	Harriet Millecam
Cache	618	545	88	Alice D. Griffin
Calgary	376	406	108	Hollie Sallenback
Cannon	428	345	80	Mildred W. Shortt
Canyon Rim	630	505	81	LaVerna Ricks
Carbon	712	594	83	Gertrude W. Edwards
Cassia	323	307	95	Edith Warr
Cedar	641	559	87	Venice W. Prince
Chicago	452	446	99	Florence G. Andrew
Columbia River	563	502	89	Viola Hackett
Cottonwood	339	375	111	Mabel R. Baker
Covina	515	650	126	Helen G. Baxter
Dallas	539	463	86	Opal Burch
Davis	778	666	86	Effie B. Miller
Denver	792	793	100	Bernice H. Brown
Deseret	780	705	90	Alpha Nielson
Detroit	336	289	86	Nora Jane Souter
Duchesne	219	198	90	Ora Holgate
East Cache	780	664	85	Ines B. Bergeson
East Jordan	943	917	97	Vera Cowley
East Long Beach	658	773	117	Margaret Bryan
East Los Angeles	856	894	104	Orlene M. White
East Mesa	654	668	102	Elva M. Brown
East Millcreek	248	256	103	Barbara L. Beesley
East Ogden	670	619	92	Laurel B. Spencer
East Phoenix	556	558	100	Cora L. Mack
East Provo	471	479	102	Jane S. Watkins
East Rigby	582	576	99	Dale H. Burtenshaw
East Sharon	322	352	109	Edna M. Hansen
El Paso	346	329	95	Lola P. Wiley
Emery	727	616	85	Dorthella Williams
Emigration	448	464	104	Adeline Jensen
Ensign	968	936	97	Mabel E. Wood
Farr West	593	460	78	Lila J. Lutz
Flagstaff	316	281	89	Barbara Cline
Florida	431	371	86	Gertie Mae Keller
Franklin	761	685	90	Phyllis W. Kingsford
Fresno	472	393	83	Lucile H. Wright
Garfield	279	239	85	Lula Neilson
Glendale	652	1058	162	Elsie Weber
Gooding	502	518	83	Hazel Pratt
Grand Coulee	489	468	96	Florence E. Young

STAKES ON HONOR ROLL—1956

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
Grand Junction	391	400	102	Zelda L. Broadhead
Granite	653	702	107	Toni D. Landwatter
Grant	766	775	101	Evelyn L. Larsen
Grantsville	454	390	86	Ruth Rydalch
Gridley	494	586	119	Lavaun Papa
Hayward	437	456	104	Agnes M. Nelson
Highland	891	876	98	Lucy Harman
Holladay	612	695	114	Audrie M. Kennington
Houston	502	447	89	Ida Mae Malone
Humboldt	191	208	109	Charlotte S. Ferguson
Idaho	420	382	91	Jennie S. Gilbert
Idaho Falls	596	715	120	Josie N. Scoresby
Inglewood	512	617	120	Janet C. Medina
Juab	507	430	85	Alligee L. Anderson
Juarez	127	97	76	Rhoda C. Taylor
Kanab	436	403	92	Nellie Heaton
Kansas City	289	300	104	Erma Raper
Kolob	460	434	94	Hilda W. Cherrington
Lake Mead	293	290	99	Deney C. Stout
Lake View	627	541	86	Glenda Thompson
Las Vegas	629	718	114	Lila H. Leavitt
Lehi	621	495	80	Rosa Ashton
Lethbridge	681	606	89	Emily L. Anderson
Liberty	803	882	110	Katherine H. McOmie
Logan	533	405	76	Ruby W. Amussen
Long Beach	599	727	121	Silva Mahnken
Lorin Farr	555	473	85	Maude P. Close
Los Angeles	588	626	106	Velma Shurley
Lost River	257	227	88	Marie Acor
Malad	537	569	106	Elizabeth B. Facer
Maricopa	637	706	111	Beverly A. Harris
Mesa	805	819	102	Lola C. White
Millard	587	479	82	Ethel B. Baker
Millcreek	555	554	100	Orel A. Grennig
Minidoka	580	677	117	Shirley R. Eames
Moapa	280	301	108	Era C. Jones
Montpelier	715	590	83	Hilda Parker
Monument Park	744	867	112	Beryl Newsome
Mount Graham	576	621	108	Ethel Cook
Mount Jordan	769	726	94	Bertha S. Powell
Mount Logan	658	551	84	Lola H. Gibbons
Mount Ogden	642	520	81	Shirley E. Wade
Mount Rubidoux	579	587	101	Hilda Peel
Murray	953	876	92	Clara M. Duffin
Nampa	698	696	100	Mollie Miller
Nebo	665	603	91	Vida H. Moore
Nevada	396	337	85	Urva Morley
New Orleans	275	226	82	Evelyn G. Talbert
New York	326	389	119	Lyle N. Paine
North Box Elder	604	583	97	Christine N. Bott
North Carbon	452	372	82	Marie Bryner
North Davis	817	861	105	Thora A. Martin
North Idaho Falls	818	851	104	Winona Telford
North Jordan	665	747	112	Louisa Bradley
North Pocatello	486	468	96	Tura Hadley
North Rexburg	639	645	101	Arvilla Parkinson
North Sacramento	552	524	95	Laura P. Brew
North Sanpete	632	520	82	LaRue Burnside
North Sevier	402	344	86	Rhea Mickelsen
North Tooele	475	496	104	Mary M. McKeller

North Weber	612	519	85	Esther H. Butler
Nyssa	459	593	110	Vonda Huntington
Oakland-Berkeley	708	613	87	Ida C. Wolsey
Ogden	630	661	105	Chloe F. Summerill
Oneida	677	585	86	Mada Larsen
Oquirrh	418	610	146	Helen D. Jensen
Orange County	453	516	114	Fay L. Peterson
Orem	724	612	85	Ella Washburn
Palmyra	607	591	97	Juanita J. Howard
Palo Alto	729	654	90	Inez Suhlsen
Panguitch	460	372	81	Ruby D. Whittaker
Park	773	756	98	Pearl E. Rhode
Parowan	363	317	87	Bertha W. Mitchell
Pasadena	620	646	104	Vera Jean N. Jones
Phoenix	788	805	102	Rose Openshaw
Pioneer	579	498	86	Emma O. Frenette
Pocatello	465	508	109	Esther H. Hanks
Portland	586	630	108	Gertie Lewis
Portneuf	444	472	106	Ada L. Parris
Provo	452	680	150	Flora Buggert
Raft River	190	172	91	Alice O. Neddo
Redondo	612	595	97	Clarice Rentmeister
Reno	610	585	96	Pearl S. Robison
Reseda	345	375	109	Hazel T. Oviatt
Rexburg	606	834	138	Martha J. Erickson
Richland	601	468	78	Ellis B. Smith
Rigby	726	714	98	Ruey A. Ball
Riverdale	548	440	80	Edith Stacy
Riverside	775	775	100	Isabelle Sugden
Roosevelt	527	427	81	Katie Duncan
Rose Park	466	471	101	Elizabeth N. Price
Sacramento	433	460	106	Martha V. Gattiker
St. George	846	756	89	Agnes S. Pickett
St. Johns	416	401	96	Glenda G. Pulsipher
St. Joseph	558	589	106	Nira P. Lee
Salmon River	195	161	83	Anna Young
Salt Lake	797	803	101	Francis L. Kooyman
San Bernardino	485	534	110	Kathleen Cronin
San Diego	864	999	116	Enid Miller
San Fernando	529	532	101	Cleo Hupp
San Francisco	411	481	117	Gertrude P. Terry
San Joaquin	519	696	134	Leona B. Hansen
San Jose	470	508	108	Katherine M. Shaw
San Juan	474	481	101	Vivian W. Redd
San Luis	487	404	83	Opal McDaniel
Santa Monica	484	638	132	Kathleen Savage
Santa Rosa	468	363	78	Dorothy Blaisdell
Santaquin-Tintic	413	316	77	Sylvia Steck
Seattle	823	809	98	Chelta D. Brown
Sevier	822	834	101	Iva Mae Ogden
Sharon	499	411	82	Norma Dee Jameson
Shelley	668	821	123	Merle Young
Smithfield	673	562	84	Phyllis N. Allsop
Snowflake	628	477	76	Irene Bates
South Bear River	560	557	99	Dorothy B. Kerr
South Blackfoot	581	546	94	Ruth Dance
South Box Elder	631	688	109	Naomi P. Larkin
South Carolina	446	389	87	Blanche Stuckey
South Davis	662	551	83	Elsie Logsdon
South Idaho Falls	704	767	109	Wynnette K. Card
South Los Angeles	1143	2896	253	Edna C. Stoutsenberger
South Ogden	637	694	109	Ruth F. Jackson
South Salt Lake	878	949	108	Hannah Deitrich
South Sevier	512	382	75	Margaret Bown
South Summit	424	396	93	Susie D. Andrus
Southern Arizona	636	612	97	Maud B. Post
Spanish Fork	560	590	105	Dora H. Cloward
Spokane	584	483	83	Louise N. Davidson
Springville	499	405	81	Clara Sumsion

STAKES ON HONOR ROLL—1956

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Star Valley	717	685	96	Vera H. Roberts
Sugar House	859	911	106	Nellie J. Ehlers
Summit	345	266	77	Thelma P. Brown
Tacoma	570	554	97	Afton B. Dickson
Taylor	659	655	99	Nellie T. Ririe
Taylorsville	618	594	96	Afton L. Smith
Temple View	780	633	81	Mabel E. Snow
Teton	511	498	97	Ruby F. Christiansen
Timpanogos	662	633	96	Ethel Fenton
Tooele	443	414	93	Jewel Halgren
Twin Falls	767	768	100	Hazel W. Stevens
Uintah	860	877	102	Elsie M. Palmer
Union	487	539	111	Lenora Blanchard
University	612	518	85	Olive W. Coombs
Utah	534	510	96	Bertha R. Memmott
Uvada	303	258	85	Edna Sprague
Valley View	407	461	113	Dorie N. Walton
Walnut Creek	419	355	85	Fern S. Greenwood
Wasatch	690	694	101	Leda E. Titus
Washington	691	652	94	Mary E. Stimpson
Wayne	321	268	83	LaVird W. Balle
Weber	772	691	90	Florence W. Wright
Weiser	435	468	108	Irene H. Winegar
Wells	875	891	102	Edith H. Koelliker
West Boise	482	472	98	Georgia H. Weenig
West Jordan	941	814	87	Vivian Ray
West Pocatello	836	908	109	Ione G. Slayden
West Utah	588	617	105	Edith Baum
Wilford	483	512	106	Lois Jensen
Woodruff	518	484	93	Naomi B. Harris
Yellowstone	784	826	105	Alta H. Murdock
Young	493	456	92	Ida L. Allen
Zion Park	374	366	98	Lillian E. Roundy

MISSIONS

California	641	661	103	Alta H. Taylor
Canadian	565	502	89	Leah H. Lewis
Central States	1032	1061	103	Mae E. J. Dyer
Eastern States	1050	985	94	Florence S. Jacobsen
Great Lakes	1179	1005	85	Mary Pehrson Christensen
Gulf States	561	561	100	Phyllis D. Smith
New England	525	417	79	Margaret R. Jackson
North Central States	534	468	88	Dora H. England
Northern California	432	421	97	Hazel S. Love
Northern States	840	724	88	Nettie P. Smoot
Northwestern States	868	747	86	Effie K. Driggs
Southern States	1418	1174	83	Lucile Bunker
West Central States	1514	1438	95	Marteal W. Hendricks
Western Canadian	563	451	80	Annie B. Larson
Western States	763	785	103	Mildred P. Elggren

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Hulda Parker, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions,* page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Mae C. Johnson

WEST JORDAN STAKE (UTAH), HERRIMAN WARD, NOTES THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR OF ONE HUNDRED PER CENT VISITING TEACHING

The present visiting teachers are, front row left to right: Georgie Swasey; Fern Poor; Tola Butterfield; Nora Crane; Daisy Poor; Phyllis Swasey; Second row: Mae Read; Martha Christensen; Leone Parry; Persilda Eastman; Mayme Ingram; Bessie Butterfield. Third row: Dot Miller; Lottie Bodell, President, Herriman Ward Relief Society; Mary Crane.

Sister Mae C. Johnson, President, West Jordan Stake Relief Society, writes that Sister Bodell reports "that many of these sisters have wonderful individual records. Sister Nora Crane, mother of seven children, has a perfect record of forty-three years. Sister Fern Poor has been a visiting teacher for thirty-five years. Sisters Martha Christensen, Leone Parry, and Persilda Eastman have been visiting teachers for twenty-five years."

Sister Johnson also reports "Herriman has a flourishing organization with many young women enjoying Relief Society with their older sisters."

Photograph submitted by Betty Jo C. Reiser

ROSE PARK STAKE (UTAH), ROSE PARK THIRD WARD VISITING TEACHERS HONORED AT LUNCHEON, February 8, 1957

The visiting teachers of Rose Park Third Ward were honored at an "Academy Award" luncheon, given by the presidency, February 8, 1957, for completing three years of one hundred per cent visiting teaching. Sister Betty Jo C. Reiser, President, Rose Park Stake, reports, "The teachers are the mothers of 176 children, 113 of whom are under eight years of age and must be tended by other mothers in the ward when their own mothers do visiting teaching."

Seated, left to right on the front row are Betty Jo C. Reiser, Ruth J. Harrison, and RosLynn W. Bunting, who have served as presidents of the ward Relief Society during the one hundred per cent record. Louise Linton, fourth from left, front row, is visiting teacher message leader.

Photograph submitted by Margie D. Barber

ZION PARK STAKE (UTAH), HURRICANE SOUTH WARD VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE ONE HUNDRED PER CENT VISITING TEACHING FOR SIX YEARS

Front row, left to right: Emmarene Graff, President, Hurricane South Ward Relief Society; Josephine Sandberg; Annie Stout; Sarah Thurston; Sarah Hinton; Rose Scow; Mary Workman; Mattie Spendlove; Lovinia Campbell; LaRue Heaton, Work Director Counselor.

Second row: Alice Thurston; Mildred Bliss; Allie Wright; Doris Barber; Thelma Stirling; Kathleen Black; Sybil Hirschi; Isabell Hinton; Edna Heywood; Amelia Heaton; Artie Reeve.

Third row: Vera Ballard; Mary Wright, Secretary-Treasurer; Winona Beatty; Helen Hall; Leone McMullin; Eva Woodbury; Itha Workman.

Back row: Lettie Whitney; Elva Samuelson; Lorraine Lewis; Ruth Hinton; Beth Humphries; Margaret Nuttall; Sarah Lemmon; Margie D. Barber, Stake Relief Society President; Guenivere White; Delma Lemmon.

Photograph submitted by Della H. Teeter

DENVER STAKE (COLORADO) SINGING MOTHERS CHRISTMAS TREE BECOMES ANNUAL PROGRAM

Sister Della H. Teeter, President, Denver Stake Relief Society, reports: "This Singing Christmas tree is presented every year at the December Union Meeting and also in several of the wards. Christmas carols and stories are used in the program, which is produced and directed by Sister Reta R. Beck, stake Relief Society chorister, on the left side of the tree in center and Sister Alleen Brown, stake Relief Society organist, right side of tree in center."

Photograph submitted by Aliene N. Bloxham

HUMBOLDT STAKE (NEVADA) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE CONFERENCE, January 13, 1957

Dora Westover, stake chorister, is on the front row at the right. Since Anna V. Nielson, stake organist, was away, Helen Wright, who is on the back row, third from right, accompanied the chorus.

Sister Aliene N. Bloxham, President, Humboldt Stake Relief Society, writes: "We have tried so hard to have a Singing Mothers chorus in our stake, and at last we feel we are well on our way, having furnished the music for the stake conference for the first time."

Photograph submitted by Ruth F. Heninger

LETHBRIDGE STAKE (CANADA) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE

Sister Ruth F. Heninger, President, Lethbridge Stake Relief Society, reports that the Singing Mothers' participation was "a successful undertaking and there were a few over a hundred, so we were very pleased."

Standing at the right are Sister Ruby Pierson, (left); and Sister Grace Buchon, far right, chorister and organist, respectively. Seated next to Sister Pierson, Ruth F. Heninger and next to her Clara A. Smith, Second Counselor, Lethbridge Stake Relief Society.

"Be Still and Know That I Am God"

Mabel Law Atkinson

AS a child I loved the beauty of the Bible verse, "Be still, and know that I am God. . . ." Whenever I heard it, I imaged a clear, still pool with pale pink ater lilies reflected in its mirror-depths.

As I grew into girlhood and young womanhood on the farm, the words often me to me when I beheld with awe the miracles of nature: the ever-new mystery of e sunrise; the unfolding of a wild rose; a gentle summer rain; a clear little stream, ose waters were ice cold, rippling lightly under the bridges, across the road to lose elf in a grove of white-limbed aspen fluttering their leaves like tinkling silver bells; lark releasing a splashing fount of jeweled notes on a cool-dewed April morning; the an, golden kernels pouring from the thresher at harvest; the silence of night beneath e stars with the moon silvering the ebon shade. At such times God seemed very near, d I experienced the serenity and strength of his love.

After my marriage, the verse came to hold even deeper beauty and meaning. ystal-clear in my memory is the sweet assurance, the faith that touched knowledge, ich came to me when I first looked upon the miracle of my little daughter, my st-born. "Be still, and know that I am God." I felt so near heaven that it seemed ould reach out and take the Father's hand.

So many times the sacred words have bowed my head in reverence and thanks- ing in the rearing of my little group. Joy unspeakable has filled my soul as I have atched five pairs of blue eyes rapt with wonderment, and smiles slowly illuming sting little faces as the principles of the gospel were unfolded in simplicity in the dtime story.

Even in death, when my kingdom has seemed on the verge of crashing, these autiful words of sublime serenity and trust have given strength and peace. I have en able to say, "Thy will be done," and despairing bitterness has departed. My rs have become prayers of thankfulness for the loan of one of God's spirits, even for few short years.

Since my children have reached maturity and the "world" has called them to eir labors in different places, I have come to value the calming power and strength this quiet verse more than ever before, for so many times I have been reassured that od lives and watches tenderly over his children.

At one such time beneath the stars, I sang a silent paean to the Lord for his ever- tchful care. Then, looking up, it seemed that the crystal stars were warm and endly and mutely singing of eternal love. Slowly and with awe I spoke aloud, "Be ll, and know that I am God."

These Things I Need

Jennie Brown Rawlins

These things I need to build my happiness:
A little love, a little tenderness,
A dream unrealized, goals I can reach;
A chance to learn, and, yes, a chance to teach;
A hand to cling to mine along the way,
And faith that God will hear me when I pray.

Books for the CHURCH ORGANIST

AT THE CONSOLE—Felton	2.50
CHANCEL ECHOES—Felton	2.50
CHAPEL ORGANIST—Presser	1.50
DEVOTIONAL ORGAN ALBUM—Asper	2.50
FIRST LESSONS ON THE ORGAN—Nevin	1.75
INSTRUMENTAL CHURCH SERVICE SELECTIONS 1 & 2—Kohlmann ea.	1.25
LIGHTER MOODS—Presser	1.50
93 SHORT SOLOS—Schirmer	2.50
ORGAN IN THE CHURCH—Asper	2.75
ORGAN METHOD—Stainer	2.50
ORGAN VOLUNTARIES 1 & 2—Schreiner ea.	3.50
33 FAVORITE ORGAN SOLOS—Schirmer	1.50

Music Sent on Approval

Use this advertisement as your order blank

DAYNES MUSIC COMPANY
15 E. 1st South
Salt Lake City 11, Utah

Please send the music indicated above.
☐ On Approval ☐ Charge
☐ Money Enclosed

Name .....
Address .....
City & State .....

Daynes Music Company
15 E. 1st South
145 NORTH UNIVERSITY, PROVO Salt Lake City 11, Uta

Herbs for Modern Cookery

Garlic (Allium Sativum)

Elizabeth Williamson

GARLIC is a perennial herb. Set the cloves out in early spring, two inches apart, in rich soil. Harvest them in August. If you produce a large crop, braid the dried garlic, stems, and cloves. Hang this attractive addition in your kitchen, where it is convenient for your cookery.

Garlic is one of the most ancient herbs — probably originating around the Mediterranean area, but grown in rich soil all over the world. Homer mentions garlic in the *Odyssey*. He says it was used to ward off evil spirits.

We all know a whiff of garlic gives zest to salads, sauces, roasts, and vegetables. Garlic is a must for salad dressings of the French type. Never overdo garlic—it is delightful when suggested — but many people dislike the actual flavor.

Guacamole and Variations

1 large avocado
1 crushed garlic clove, minced very fine or put in a garlic crusher
Lemon juice, salt, and pepper to taste.

Peel and mash the avocado, add the rest of the ingredients. Serve with crackers, tortillas, or sliced tomatoes.

A variation of guacamole which is pretty served as an appetizer is the addition of one large package of cream cheese and a little mayonnaise. Whip the mixture in your electric mixer until very smooth and creamy and a beautiful pale green. Serve in a bowl for a cracker dip.

Loneliness

Vesta N. Lukei

Tonight, perhaps on some far isle
That I have never seen, awhile
You watch the lonely, moving moon
And think how brightly and how soon
That silver orb will arch the skies
And be reflected in my eyes.
But cold, uncaring, high above,
It brings no message from my love.

I Love a Window

Caroline Eyring Miner

I love a window to the east;
I love to lift my eyes
And look upon another day
In glory of sunrise!

I love to see the earth I know
In magic glow and fire.
It lifts my spirit to the skies
And makes me aim the higher.

• BEAUTIFUL
• HANDY
• DURABLE

A sure way of keeping alive the valuable instruction of each month's *Relief Society Magazine* is in a handsomely bound cover. The Mountain West's first and finest bindery and printing house is prepared to bind your editions into a durable volume.

Mail or bring the editions you wish bound to the Deseret News Press for the best of service.

Both Cover—$2.50 Leather Cover—$3.50

Distance from Salt Lake City, Utah	*Rate*
Up to 150 miles	.35
150 to 300 miles	.39
300 to 600 miles	.45
600 to 1000 miles	.54
1000 to 1400 miles	.64
1400 to 1800 miles	.76
Over 1800 miles	.87

Leave them at our conveniently located uptown office.

Deseret News Press

Phone EMpire 4-2581

40 Richards St. Salt Lake City 1, Utah

enroll now for . . .

SUMMER QUARTER

Begins Monday, June 3rd

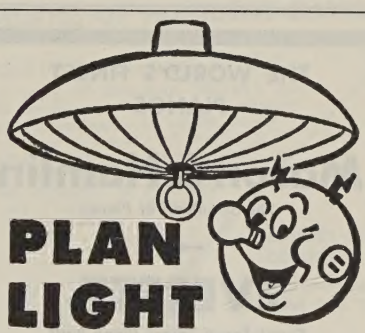
(May register later if necessary)

Gain office skills which will secure you better positions in the business world. Select from our wide field of business courses and classes.

LDS BUSINESS COLLEGE

Phone EM 3-2765

70 North Main Salt Lake City



PLAN LIGHT for LIVING

Live Better Electrically

with FULL HOUSEPOWER

UTAH POWER & LIGHT CO.

VIDA FOX CLAWSON
ANNOUNCES

HAWAII

Leave for a lovely **Hawaiian** Tour from Salt Lake City on June 6, 1957.

Historic Train

Leaves Salt Lake City, July 26, 1957

The Historic Train includes:
Places of Interest in **Church History, Pageant at the Hill Cumorah,** and Large **Eastern Cities.**

Warning: Both of these tour parties will be limited in number. Make reservations early.

Write or Phone:

Vida Fox Clawson
966 East South Temple
Salt Lake City, Utah
Phone: EM 4-2017

THE WORLD'S FINEST PIANOS

Mason & Hamlin
The Stradivari of Pianos

EVERETT
Finest Toned Spinet Piano Built

Cable-Nelson
Finest Low Priced Piano Built

Beesley Music Co.

Pioneer Piano People

70 S. MAIN ST. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Birthday Congratulations

Ninety-seven
Mrs. Eunice L. Molen
Pocatello, Idaho

Ninety-six
Mrs. Nancy Foreman Hicks
Monroe, Utah
Mrs. Katherine Perks Harris
Smithfield, Utah

Ninety-five
Mrs. Elizabeth Blair
Salt Lake City
Mrs. Elizabeth Jane Russell Day
Hunter, Utah

Ninety-four
Mrs. Sarah McDiarmid McDonald
Salt Lake City, Utah
Mrs. Elnora Hammond
Moreland, Idaho

Ninety-three
Mrs. Katherine Knollmueller
Salt Lake City, Utah
Mrs. Annie C. Evans
Shelley, Idaho

Ninety-two
Mrs. Josephine Dickerson West
Pleasant Grove, Utah

Ninety-one
Mrs. Elizabeth Adaline Poole
Idaho Falls, Idaho

Ninety
Mrs. Annie May Fuller
Mesa, Arizona

The Token

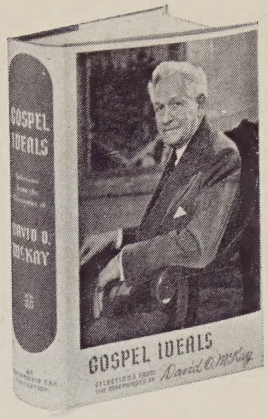
Enola Chamberlin

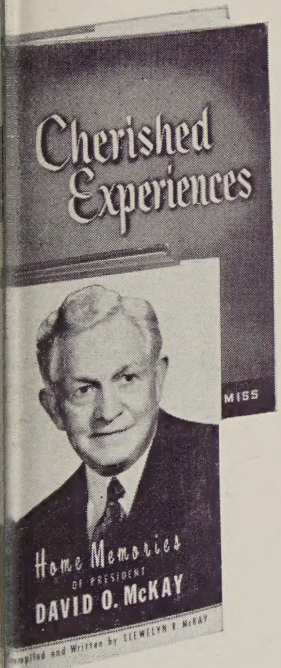
I found a faded rose today,
As fair as tinted lace.
It lay within a treasured book
As if it loved the place.

I knew whose hand had picked the rose,
Whose hand had placed it there.
I knew the story, tender, sweet,
Its secret heart could bare.

I knew what limpid azure sky
Beamed on it from above—
For to the one who calls me wife
I gave it with my love.

Words of Inspiration om President David O. McKay





1. GOSPEL IDEALS

Discourses of President David O. McKay

An important LDS reference book with the essence of President McKay's lofty insight into gospel principles. Subjects discussed include: Priesthood and Church Practices, A Philosophy of Family Life and Religious Living, and many others. $4.00

2. CHERISHED EXPERIENCES

From the Writings of David O. McKay
Compiled by Clare Middlemiss

From personal contacts with Saints throughout the world have come many faith-promoting experiences. President McKay shares these and many others in this heart-warming book that offers a powerful, motivating testimony of the truth of the Restored Gospel. $3.00

3. HOME MEMORIES OF PRESIDENT DAVID O. McKAY

Compiled by Dr. Llewelyn R. McKay

This book tells the story of President McKay's early life—his home in Huntsville, his love for his parents and other close family members. It relates many experiences he enjoyed as a teacher of youth, as a member of the Quorum of the Twelve and the First Presidency, and finally as President of the Church. Also included in this personal account are his "war tour diary," personal notes, and family poems.

$3.75

Official Publishers to the LDS Church

Deseret Book Co.

44 East South Temple -- Salt Lake City, Utah

ORDER BY MAIL TODAY

DESERET BOOK COMPANY
44 East South Temple
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear Sir:

Enclosed you will find ( ) check ( ) money order ( ) charge to your account for the encircled (numbered) books:

1 2 3

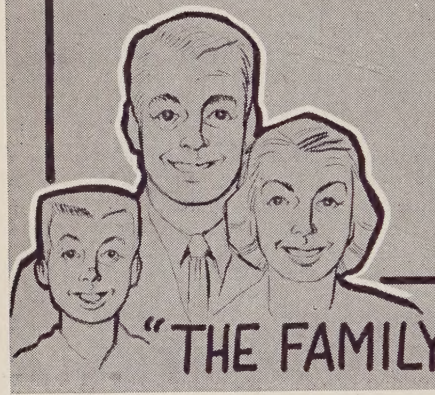
Name .....

Address .....

City..... Zone..... State.....

Residents of Utah include 2% sales tax.

BYU
LEADERSHIP WEEK



JUNE 24-29
1957

"THE FAMILY FACES THE FUTURE"

- ★ Six Intensive Courses In Genealogy
- ★ "Helps" For Effective Family Living
- ★ "Helps" For LDS Auxiliary Organization Workers
- ★ Special Cultural Programs Daily
- ★ Special Family Day On Saturday
- ★ Registration Fee: $2.00 For The Entire Week
- ★ For Additional Information And A Complete Schedule of Activities, Send To:

ADULT EDUCATION AND EXTENSION SERVICES

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

PROVO, UTAH